A NEW PLAN TO KEEP PENSIONS FROM SHRINKING

Tyrone Guthrie's own story of Stratford

"The Grey Cup is an over-rated circus"

MACLEAN'S

COVER BY WILLIAM WINTER Teen-age dance

NOVEMBER 21 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ New solutions for working women's problems?
- ✓ Postal employees' next worry: automation
- ✓ American fans seek CBC style for U.S. radio

IF YOU WANT any sort of roadside service along a certain 20-mile stretch of the Trans-Canada Highway you'll have to come to terms with the Indians. Stony Indians aren't allowing any non-Indian enterprises along a new portion of the highway passing through their Morley Reserve in western Alberta, and the government's right-of-way is not wide enough for roadside building. The Indians are planning service stations, cafes, stores, a barbershop and a trailer camp.

LAURENCE
She'll survey women

THE SPECIAL PROBLEMS of older working women will get thorough scrutiny—for the first time—by Canadian psychologist Mary Laurence. She's organizing a national survey now for the University of Toronto on a $25,000 grant from the Soroptimist Federation, an international group of business and professional women. Though plans aren't firm, she'll probably delve into women's financial problems in the face of compulsory retirement (often at 60) and how retired women keep busy.

WILL SOME U.S. RADIO stations soon be copying the CBC? A Detroit group called Listeners' Lobby, Inc. hopes so. Its 100 members first got together a year ago because of mutual interest in the CBC programs they heard over CBE Windsor. Now they're planning to ask the U.S. Federal Communications Commission to review some American stations' licenses and will suggest program improvements based on CBC examples. Their favorite radio personality: Rawhide, alias Max Ferguson.

SIDEWALK SUPERINTENDENTS kibitzing the $192 million South Saskatchewan River dam and irrigation project will soon be able to "work" in style. A $20,000 visitors' pavilion will give them a panoramic view of the job from the edge of Long Lake, between Elbow (40 miles southwest of Saskatoon) and Outlook.

BESIDES PAY INCREASES, Canadian postal workers may soon be worrying about automation. Ottawa has Canadair developing automatic mail sorters for try-outs next fall. They'll sort envelopes especially marked with code symbols at points of mailing. Other new postal gimmicks on the way: Electronic machines to 1. handle money-order accounting, 2. "find" each stamp's location on an envelope, cancel it, then separate local from out-of-town mail (out-of-town stamps will have graphite strips sensitive to electricity). Also: plastic mail collection boxes that don't need painting.

HILTON
His inns for Canada?

EXPECT A FULL-SCALE INVASION of Canada by world-famous hotel magnate Conrad Hilton. With his firm already managing Montreal's Queen Elizabeth, he's hoping to set up two-story "horizontal hotels" at airports serving Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver and maybe Regina. They'd cost $3 million each and be patterned on Hilton inns at San Francisco and New Orleans airports. Present holdup: Ottawa's incomplete plans for expanding airports for jet service.

IN THE FUTURE, Maritimes commercial fishermen won't be leaving much to "fishermen's luck." In Nova Scotia they're arming themselves with a new 250-volt electric harpoon for catching swordfish. It kills on contact, so the fish can be boated in three minutes or less (vs. up to three hours by conventional gear). In Caraquet, N.B., 350 are learning the latest fishing techniques at a new 22-room school that also offers night courses for old fishing hands and two-hour-a-week classes for high-school students.

BARDOT
Unrestricted

MORE SEX ON YOUR MOVIE SCREEN

YOU CAN EXPECT to see more frank, sexy movies in every province except Quebec. Many will detail once-taboo themes (e.g. infidelity, prostitution) and contain dialogue ("bastard," "bitch") once ruthlessly cut by provincial censors.

Faced with TV competition and encouraged by 1. dozens of movies playing without the industry's approval seal and 2. favorable U.S. Supreme Court decisions, Hollywood's growing bolder. So are most Canadian censors. Even Saskatchewan — which banned the widely acclaimed British movie Room at the Top (but may relent)—is putting its new Restricted Adults label on films it would have banned outright a year ago.

Quebec, after banning at least 32 European and 22 U.S. films this year and slashing countless others, is almost certain to continue barring anything (even divorce scenes) offensive to Catholics. Loopholes? Bilingual French-Canadian censors often miss double-entendres in English.

Ontario — a lenient example to most others—cuts little, bans seldom. Has let 30 controversial movies run under the Restricted label it pioneered five years ago.

B.C.'s cutting less and less. Has banned only ten movies in nine years. Censor Ray McDonald is currently cracking down on violence but recently let Bardot romp unrestricted.

Manitoba, receiving films via Toronto, often cuts no further. "Best censor board in western Canada," says John Ferguson of Famous Players, Winnipeg. But in Room at the Top "you bastard" became "you louse."

Nova Scotia has laws much like Ontario's and—says censor J. Henry MacLeod—is growing more and more liberal. Gregg Jones, manager of four Halifax theatres, agrees.

New Brunswick (censoring for P.E.I. and Newfoundland too) is loosening up. Some four-letter words ("damn," "hell") now get by. So do many sexy scenes—but they flop at New Brunswick box offices.

Alberta's now okaying most adult themes after snipping out details (especially violence) and most four-letter words. Room at the Top got in after an appeal and some cutting.

NEW PRAIRIE CROP? Wheat + rye = "whye"

JENKINS
Out of the lab

WHILE PRAIRIE FARMERS worry about snow-covered crops and wheat surpluses, prairie scientists are looking ahead at developments that could have great impact on the farm economy.

A cross between durum wheat and rye—dubbed whye by agriculture writers—has been taken out of the laboratory stage by Dr. Charles Jenkins and Paul J. H. Shebeski at the University of Manitoba. They've grown 100 acres of vigorous, chunkier high plants bearing up to 100 kernels per head—twice what the best wheats yield.

This winter the university staff will begin charting its potentialities. It's just sweet for distilling, but they'll test it for breakfast cereals, bakery products and poultry and animal feed. If it turns out well and profitable markets can be found, many farmers now producing wheat that won't sell will be planting "whye" instead—and getting enormous yields.

Will surpluses result? "We're not too afraid of them," says J. M. Parker of the provincial government's seeds and crops branch. "Anything that can increase yield and reduce wheat acreage in favor of other crops is a good thing."

Gluten — the protein portion of wheat flour — could become an important Canadian export. The National Research Council's Saskatoon lab has found new ways of separating it from the starch and drying it to keep it from fermenting. Overseas buyers who already like Canadian wheat for its high protein content will go for gluten, which will be virtually pure protein. They'll be able to blend it with their own low-protein flour.

New uses for rapeseed oil are also being sought and promoted by the Saskatoon lab. The oil, a by-product of processing rapeseed into a protein feed for animals, could push soybean oil out of the margarine market if it's able to compete in price. As a cooking oil the rapeseed product's already being packaged by a Saskatoon plant. Other possible uses: as a machine oil and an ingredient of lubricating grease. —[illegible]

WATCH FOR Teenager to become tycoon / Edmonton movie-maker's Hollywood-style gamble

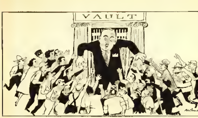
BUSINESSMAN TO WATCH: Montreal's Stephen William Gruber, only 17 but already doing $15,000 to $20,000 a year business as boss of his own nine-year-old firm, Specialty Ad Sales Reg'd (sales incentive programs, advertising giveaways). He financed his company at 16 with savings and bank credit. Now he's planning to branch out into manufacturing plastic items.

Watch for 28-year-old Edmonton violinist Thomas (Mickey) Rolston to become a national name in music. Born in Vancouver, schooled in California, New York, London and Brussels, he's a veteran of European tours and the London Philharmonic. He'll be heard across Canada as soloist with Vancouver Symphony on a Canada Council-sponsored broadcast over CBC radio December 13.

Scorning his eastern Canadian rivals as "too CBC-ish," Edmonton movie producer Larry Matanski, 31, is out to prove Hollywood techniques can pay off for Canadians too. He's got $200,000 in Alberta investors' money riding on the box-office success of a frankly commercial adventure yarn filmed in Alberta and due for release soon. In Hollywood tradition he bought a novel (Kathy's Gander) by Edmontonian John Patrick Gillese, retitled it Wings of Chance, got a Hollywood writer to add love interest and hired three Hollywood performers as leads.

MATANSKI
Only the title and plot were changed

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER



The Finance Minister is gently standing off the special interest groups who want him to loosen up on his budgeting

WHY FLEMING'S SO BUSY MAKING ENEMIES:

Generosity could spell calamity

WILL THE GOVERNMENT raise its interest rate next year on insured loans for home building?

Political reasons against the move are strong. Voters who are building new homes would not be pleased, and 140,000 new homes are being built this year. Also it would be a humiliating about-face. As lately as last summer Howard Green, in one of his farewell appearances as minister of public works, told parliament that the cabinet had no such intention. When the Liberals raised the rate three years ago to its present level of six percent, the Conservatives used very strong language in condemning that [illegible] outrage. To allow a further increase now would be the bitterest word-eating exercise the government has yet undertaken, which is saying quite a lot.

But the alternative is unattractive too. If the interest on insured mortgages is left at only six percent the government will almost certainly have to take up the whole burden of new housing loans. This year the insurance companies and the banks lent about $300 million to 27,000 borrowers under the National Housing Act, but it was all done last spring. Since May the private lenders have quietly dropped out of the home mortgage field. After all, Province of Ontario bonds also pay six percent, and many good industrial bonds pay more. Why go to the trouble and expense of lending to small homebuilders when mere coupon-clipping brings in just as much money?

This year the government is providing about $350 million for housing loans over and above the $300 million lent by banks and insurance companies. To maintain the same program for 1960 will take the same total amount, or a bit more. If the government has to do all the lending its own borrowing for this purpose will be almost doubled.

This is a disconcerting prospect for ministers who, as Finance Minister Fleming said in a recent speech, "look forward to the time when the government will cease to be a net borrower." They have reason to yearn for that happy time. Like everyone else the government found borrowing difficult and expensive in 1959, but Fleming has had to borrow some $950 million. Nearly half that sum is needed to cover the expected budget deficit. The rest goes in various capital outlays, of which housing loans are the biggest single item.

Next year Fleming hopes to have no budget deficit. If recovery continues at the present pace he should get enough from existing tax rates to meet current expenses of government. A surplus though would be too much to expect. If capital expenses zoom up he will be left with the same old shortage of cash.

He would then face the same old dilemma: how to raise the money? If he goes to the bond market to borrow from true savings he puts an added strain on credit, gives another upward nudge to interest rates, makes "tight money" tighter than ever. If he does it the easy way, borrowing from the Bank of Canada instead of the public, the effect would be the same as printing the money.

The latter course is tempting, as the broad highway to hell would be, dangerous for more reasons than one. It would of course be inflationary, and inflation is a fairly serious threat already. It would also tend to weaken confidence in Canadian securities and Canadian dollars abroad. Just at this time a loss of confidence might have grave and sudden consequences.

Canada is running in the hole, as usual, in her trade with other countries. This year the gap between the huge amounts we buy abroad and the smaller amounts we sell will be the widest on record—more than a billion and a half dollars. And the trade deficit now has several disquieting features that it never had before.

Normally we have a trade deficit with the U.S. and a trade surplus, smaller but quite substantial, with the rest of the world. Now we have a deficit on overseas trade as well. Even with Britain, where we used to have a whopping surplus, we did little more than break even in the first half of 1959.

Normally when our trade deficit is bigger than usual the increase is mainly in capital goods like industrial machinery that earns the money to pay for itself. Now the rise is more in consumer goods like automobiles. Bigger yet is the growth of the "non-merchandise" deficit, which has doubled in the last five years. Half the increase is made up of interest and dividends on previous foreign investment in Canada.

Normally trade deficits have been covered by the flow of capital into Canada from the U.S. and other countries. This is still taking place, but the nature of it has changed. It used to be mainly investment in Canadian industry designed to expand production and create the earning power to pay it all back. Lately a lot of it has been loans to Canadian provinces and cities. They borrow in New York because interest rates are lower and spend the money on schools, roads, sewers — useful, necessary works but not self-liquidating. This money will have to be repaid.

Meanwhile, though, this new type of foreign investment is still enough to pay for the deficit in trade and keep the Canadian dollar up to $1.05 U.S. If it were to fall off a little bit, in an orderly way, the effect might be good for Canada; the premium on Canadian dollars now is discouraging Canadian exports abroad and giving foreign imports an advantage at home. The danger is that it may fall off too fast and too far.

About a third of the foreign capital movement into Canada this year has been in very short-term loans, repayable in six months or less. It's a flow that could dry up at any time; in a matter of weeks, it might be running the other way. And a sudden reversal of that kind would be a calamity.

If it scared foreign investors badly enough it could run us into a dollar crisis like the one in 1947 that led to exchange controls, import controls, and a curfew of cabbages. That danger is remote, with gold and U.S. dollar reserves at two billions, but it could happen. Much likelier is a quick drop in the Canadian dollar followed by a quick jump in the cost of living, before any real benefit could be felt by Canadian industry. Neither prospect is attractive to a government that hopes to be re-elected.

Those many perils breed caution, as the preliminary work begins on the estimates and the budget for 1960-61. It is usual at this time of year to meet deputy ministers moaning and groaning about the unprecedented stinginess of Treasury Board, and the impending ruin of their departments for lack of funds to carry on. In the end they always get more money, even if not quite as much as they have tried to get. This year there is a difference.

Even the spending departments don't seem to be trying hard for more. Eighteen months ago they treated Donald Fleming with open disdain, but not now. Instead of complaining they boast of the cuts they intend to make, the ceilings they will batten down on all expenditures. Few people here are so naive as to think there will actually be a cut in the estimates of any department, with the possible exception of National Defense, but at least there is a new willingness to try.

The question is, how will this go down with the public?

Don Fleming has already said a ringing "no" to the civil service, the armed forces and the RCMP, all of whom expected a raise in pay, and who amount to more than half a million voters with wives and other relatives. He has said another ringing "no" to the ten provincial treasurers, among whom the five Conservatives didn't seem to like it any better than the rest, no voters here, but some useful Tory artillery.

He still has the distress cases—the Nova Scotia miners facing unemployment unless more subventions are paid on coal, the wheat farmers whose crops have been ruined by early snow, the winter unemployed. To these he can hardly say "no," but his "yes" may not be big enough to please them.

All this adds up to an impressive total of new enemies for a government unaccustomed to making enemies in this fashion. The fact that it is making them is a measure of its concern with the financial situation. ★

BACKSTAGE WITH LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

The confusing misadventures of Fort William's censorious mayor

MAYOR SEPPALA
Which lady got burned?

FOR AS LONG AS she remains in office Mrs. Catherine Seppala will likely be known far and wide as Fort William's book-burning mayor.

Yet in a constantly confused situation these points appear clear: 1. Mayor Seppala didn't burn a copy of Lady Chatterley's Lover. 2. She didn't order anyone else to do so.

What actually did happen in Fort William? Well, first of all, John Friesen of radio station CKPR showed Mayor Seppala some sections of the unexpurgated edition of the controversial D. H. Lawrence novel. He suggested she do something about the book, then newly on sale—in several versions—in Fort William.

Other reporters began egging her on, arguing tongue-in-cheek that it would be "a terrific thing for Fort William" if she got the book banned. So she sent a copy to Justice Minister Fulton in Ottawa with a letter of complaint. Next she ordered police chief Charlie Earl to "ask" the book's only local wholesaler to withdraw it from the stands.

The wholesaler, Henry Batho, not only complied meekly, he also pulled in copies of an *expurgated* version. These didn't even contain the passages Mayor Seppala had called "filth." Batho told Maclean's he has "no idea" how many copies were sold, but he recovered 700 copies of various versions. As he would with any surplus books or magazines, he tore off their covers, loaded the books into barrels and had them carted to the Fort William incinerator. There they were dumped into the chopper and burned. He sent the covers to his supplier and got his money back.

Meanwhile Mayor Seppala seemed to overlook the fact that copies of the book, expurgated and otherwise, were flowing freely into Fort William from outside distributors. In a chain store in adjacent Port Arthur—just one block from Fort William city limits — the book counter clerk whispered to customers, "It's banned in Fort William!" Port Arthur public library still has two copies on its shelves.

When Batho told the local press he'd burned the books, the story got quickly into many of the nation's newspapers and onto radio and TV newscasts. Many of these gave the impression that a giant public bonfire — like those Hitler held — would destroy every available copy of Lady Chatterley at the Lakehead. But even the incinerator crew didn't realize what it was they were burning.

The upshot? Anybody at the Lakehead who wanted to has read the book by now.

Where does this leave the mayor? If the matter should ever go to court there, she says, she'll open up the copy she's owned almost from the start and find out what it's all about.

Backstage WITH LIFE AND LIMB / How much are they worth in court?

WHAT — literally and legally — is the value of human life and limb? For decades lawyers and litigants have been confused by the lack of a uniform scale. Now, while accidents are killing or maiming more Canadians each year than in wartime, court awards against persons who cause death or injury are getting bigger. But the variation from case to case remains wide. Recent awards have ranged from the cost of the victim's funeral to $100,000 and more.

The Canadian Bar Association's Quebec branch has appointed a committee to investigate "gaping disparities" in compensation awards. Manitoba lawyers are protesting consistent refusal of judges to grant jury hearings, and claim that judges' own awards have been depressingly low — as little as a thousand dollars for the loss of a man's life.

Saskatchewan's Automobile Insurance Act, under which liability insurance is included in the license fee, sets this scale for bodily injuries: $4,000 for both hands, both feet, one hand and one foot, sight of both eyes, sight of one eye and loss of one foot; $2,700 for loss of an arm at or above the elbow or a leg at or above the knee; $2,000 for loss of a hand or foot; $1,000 for thumb and index finger; $500 for a thumb alone.

But this insurance "price list" does not affect the right of an injured person to sue and does not influence the amount of the award. Most Canadian courts base awards on the earning value of the lost part: a severed finger would probably bring more compensation to a machinist than to a bank president. Compensation for pain and anguish is judged to be the same for all persons on the democratic grounds that the humble suffer as acutely as the rich.

The law of damages for accidental death is unsentimental, based on "the right of expectation of dependent." Nothing is thrown in for grief. The death of a small child might bring its parents only $300 to cover the cost of burial.

Causing the death of a high-paid executive costs much more than killing a laborer. Courts calculate the victim's probable take-home pay had he lived, make a deduction for the fact that he might have been killed in another accident, and arrive at an award.

Lawyers often prefer a hearing before a judge if the claim is high, on the grounds that "the average juryman boggles at sums over $20,000 while judges usually aren't impressed by amounts like $100,000," as one lawyer put it. — ERIC HUTTON

WARREN
100 come back

Backstage IN HIGH SCHOOLS

How "get tough" policy has worked in Calgary

THIS MONTH several dozen of Calgary's laziest students will get "smarten up or get out" warnings under a system pioneered five years ago by school superintendent Robert Warren.

Since then a few schools in five other provinces have followed suit, but none on Calgary's scale: 135 expulsions in five years.

How well is Calgary's get-tough system working?

"It's very effective," says Central High principal Gordon Foster. Assistant school superintendent John James says: "We've had inquiries from all parts of the continent."

Principals, teachers and school administrators cite these results:

✔ Better discipline. "The students realize we mean business," says Foster.

✔ Higher grades. "Achievement scores have shot up an average of seven to eight percent in Grade 12 examinations," says James. Crescent Heights High principal W. H. Cooper explains: "The rapid learners are getting more of the attention they deserve. (Slow students who are doing their best aren't threatened or expelled.)"

✔ Better morale among teachers. "It gives them a definite lift to know they won't have to cope unsuccessfully with the lazy learner," says Western Canada High principal Ward Steckle.

Where are the expelled students now? A few are taking academic or vocational courses in private schools. Several—often with the help of school counselors—got jobs (boys as truck drivers, clerks, oil rig roughnecks; girls as clerks, waitresses, stenographers). But about 100 have gone back to public high schools —often the very schools that kicked them out. (Expelled for a term, they're entitled to enroll later in the same grade.)

Cooper says at least half of those coming back to Crescent Heights raise grades from the 40s and 50s to the 70s and 80s.

How do expelled students and their parents feel? One 16-year-old expelled from Viscount Bennett High last December regards himself as the victim of "one teacher's whims." Mrs. Osborne T. Olson claims her son, Lennard, "was made an example of" at Central High. He's doing well now at Western Canada High after a year in a private Saskatchewan school.

But most expelled students interviewed by Maclean's said they thought the decisions against them had been fair. Many are happy in their jobs and those now back in school are anything but bitter. Back at Crescent Heights High after working several months, Ron Hunter, 16, says: "Hearing some of the older men in the warehouse grumbling about their jobs and wishing they had a better education made me see the light. Just the idea of having grade 12 means a lot to me now. When you come back you appreciate every minute in the classroom." — [illegible]

Background

ONWARD AND OUTWARD

When inmates of B.C.'s Haney Correctional Institute produced their first play before a Vancouver audience, they picked one in which they felt right at home: Stalag 17, the war prison drama. Now, looking further afield, they're considering producing The Biggest Thief in Town.

DWINDLING BREED

In Victorian times big, black Newfoundland dogs were so numerous that half-wild ones around St. John's had bounties on their heads. Today they've dwindled to no more than 25 on the whole island. England, Finland and the U.S. each have many more than Newfoundland—mostly for show.

FOUND: EXPLORER'S NOTES

LAMB

Historians and armchair archivists who were looking forward to reading The Journal of Simon Fraser, western Canada's famous explorer, this fall will have to wait for the Macmillan Co.'s spring list. The editor (and Dominion archivist) W. Kaye Lamb at the last minute found 15 folios of Fraser family papers — including some in Simon's handwriting — in the hands of a great-great-grandson, Donald C. Fraser, postmaster of Fargo, North Dakota.

NOT IN THE MOOD?

Whatever it may do for human morale, background music plays hob with cows. Dr. Vearl Smith, professor of dairy husbandry at the University of Wisconsin, found in experiments that soft music induces cows to secrete a hormone that indirectly reduces their milk production.

BOO NOW, PAY LATER

Latest lure for eager but broke hockey fans: credit cards. Victoria Cougars of the Western Hockey League introduced them late last month after losing money on three home games played in a five-day period.

BAD NEWS FOR BURGLARS

Burglars who wear gloves to avoid leaving fingerprints will have to find a new dodge. In Alberta Supreme Court recently Cpl. E. P. Kurtz, RCMP, matched glove prints taken at the scene of a crime with those taken after the accused—and his gloves—were in custody.

Editorial

If we burn Lady Chatterley, why not the Bobbsey Twins?

FORT WILLIAM (CP)—More than 700 copies of D. H. Lawrence's controversial novel Lady Chatterley's Lover have been taken from newsstands and burned. Henry Batho, manager of Central News Company, said he burned the books in the city incinerator last week rather than get in a fight with Fort William City Council.

Mr. Batho said Fort William mayor Catherine Seppala came to his offices and suggested that the book was pretty raw. He said: "She didn't order the books taken off the stands but said it would be a good idea." Not wanting to get involved in a court case, Mr. Batho said he also consulted the Fort William police chief who also thought it would be a good idea if the books were pulled off the stands.

Mayor Seppala said no ban was in force but if the books ever appear again "I won't hesitate to enforce a ban." She said she had not read the book but merely looked at two paragraphs.

On the strength of the two paragraphs she went to the distributor and suggested the book was about "the dirtiest thing ever put in print."

We have been trying to swear off writing editorials about censorship for two or three years. We thought we'd said all we have to say — none of it original and none of it very cheerful — and we were planning on shutting up.

But censorship keeps popping up in new forms and against new backgrounds. And if Canada is going to continue having censorship, perhaps it's time to ask whether we're censoring the right things and whether we're censoring them in the right way.

The desire to protect public morals is most commendable. But anyone who undertakes to protect public morals undertakes a very heavy responsibility. Anyone who sets out to be his brother's keeper should be prepared to keep — if we may borrow a phrase from the educators — the whole brother.

Keep him from Lady Chatterley's Lover by all means. Keep him particularly from the new unexpurgated edition which might tempt him to read, at the age of seventeen or fifty-five, the same four-letter words he was writing on walls and fences at seven or eight.

But keep him too, not just from one set of evil influences. Among the major human drives sexual lust has probably caused less public damage than any other. Less damage certainly than the lust for power, less damage than ambition, greed and avarice. Infinitely less damage than religion, in whose name countless bloody wars have been fought and whose more respectable adherents used to consider it their duty not only to burn books but to burn the people who read books.

If the object of censorship is to make certain that no one shall read, see or hear anything that might conceivably encourage him to do wrong, then we accuse the censors of doing a monstrously sloppy job. For every Canadian boy who has been corrupted by Lady Chatterley's Lover a hundred have been corrupted by the Alger books. For every girl who has been led astray by James Joyce a thousand have been betrayed by a false view of life colored by the Elsie books and the Bobbsey Twins.

In their soap-opera innocence Hollywood, television, radio and some kinds of magazine fiction have created more misfits, neurotics and potential criminals than Erskine Caldwell and Mickey Spillane have created in all their naked guilt.

We suggest that if bookburning makes any sense at all, the only sensible end is to burn all books.

Mailbag

- ✓ Teenagers: will they outgrow conformity?
- ✓ Married women: "Let's have havens for them!"
- ✓ Babies victims of cruel psychologists?

YOUR REPORT ON teenagers (Is our youth equipped to face the future? Oct. 10) takes a typically unfair attitude toward teenagers by implying that we are always wrong, never the adults. You condemn our conformity, but when one of us speaks out against any of your treasured ideals, he is once again condemned for having a radical opinion and being potentially a Fascist. But you never question that perhaps your generation and its ideals may be faulty. What have you to pass on to us—rising rates of crime, immorality, alcoholism, divorce and an international situation that has the whole world on the brink of destruction.—JOHN WILLIAMS, TORONTO

✓ We should have more of these surveys for adults.—J. LANTING, VANCOUVER

✓ Young people were asked to answer "yes" or "no" to the following statement: "Religious faith is better than logic in solving life's problems." Were I, a clergyman, confronted with this question I could not answer it. It has the same quality as the classic, "When did you stop beating your wife?"—REV. R. C. S. RIPLEY, NORTH KAMLOOPS, B.C.

✓ I wonder if you are not making too much of youth's supposed conformity. I am now 27 and in 10 years my ideas and feelings on many topics have changed several times. I am quite sure

that I was as much a conformist then as you feel the present crop is now.—MRS. A. M. CLAY, TORONTO

✓ frightening.—JOSEPHINE CHALLY, MORRIS, B.C.

✓ the biggest piece of rot I have ever had the misfortune to read in your excellent magazine!—DEIRDRE M. SCOFIELD, PORT ALBERNI, B.C.

✓ Maclean's has gone too far! The article implies that the teenager of today can't handle the future. Of course he can't. But we believe the *adult* of tomorrow can.—CLASS 10-21, QUEEN ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL, CALGARY

What about WED mothers?

I have just read The Happy Havens of Sister Mechtilde (Oct. 24). While it is wonderful to provide havens where unmarried mothers can await their blessed event in peace and comfort ... [why not] government grants so that married women could get a rest in a beautiful house for a few months at a time, [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible] feel the use of makeup with nice living rooms where they could receive friend husband?—MRS. STEVE DUPONT, AT VILLE-DU-LOUP, QUE.

Cruelty to babies

Whose were the babies deliberately frightened by gongs in the name of scientific research as reported in What Are You Afraid Of? (Oct. 10). Who gave their permission? I should very much like to confront that particular

psychiatrist with an escaped polar bear and with cold detachment note his reactions.—ELIZABETH OLDHAM, QUEBEC CITY

Lusitania survivors' claims

With reference to the letter from Edward Terry of Vancouver (Sept. 12) we wish to point out that the reply which Mr. Terry received from the Cunard Company to his letter of July 7, 1915, regretting that compensation was not payable by the company and suggesting that he communicate with the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with a view to receiving compensation from Germany at the end of the war, was the correct reply and, so far as we know, was given to all passengers who sent in claims. We believe we are right in saying that Mr. Terry did eventually receive full settlement of his claim through the Canadian government out of German reparations.

The only point on which we are not clear is the statement made by Sir Harold Boulton in his article (I survived the sinking of the Lusitania, Aug. 15) in which he says that the Cunard Company paid his claim. Although our records are no longer available we think it possible that he may be mistaken in his recollection of the circumstances and that he too eventually received settlement of his claim from the Reparations Commission and not from the Cunard Company.—A. S. DICKING, THE CUNARD STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

Wrong ruffian

SMALL WONDER THAT YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM BUT THE OTHER BEARDED RUFFIAN IN THE PICTURE WITH ME ON PAGE 19 OF THE NOV. 7 ISSUE (WHAT THE NORTH REALLY LOOKS LIKE) IS ELLIOT RODGER NOT ERIC MORSE.—BLAIR FRASER, OTTAWA

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 82

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1 Eat a variety of foods Your baby will be no stronger or sturdier than the building materials your diet provides For you and your baby a varied diet is best

2. Watch your weight Too much weight strains the heart and other organs. Normal increase is around 16 to 20 pounds Your doctor will decide how much you should gain during the months of pregnancy

3 Get needed rest and exercise. Walking is one of the best exercises and it's usually all right to play golf and dance in the middle months of pregnancy

Get plenty of sleep and at least an hour of relaxation every afternoon

4. Keep in touch with your doctor It may comfort you to know that no serious problem develops during pregnancy without a warning signal Your doctor can foresee and act to avoid difficulties—if he is consulted early and as often as necessary

5 Take care of your teeth Have your dentist clean your teeth and do whatever repair work is necessary Good daily care of the teeth is important during pregnancy.

6. Make your hospital reservation early. The maternity wards of most hospitals are crowded nowadays The sooner you make your reservation the better

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No matter what heights of heroism that boy in the tight collar may reach later in life he'll probably never take any more daring step than being the first man out of the stag line over to the girls side Artist William Winter says he had no model, such men are rare.

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Maclean's is published every other Saturday by the **Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited.** [illegible] **Floyd S Chalmers,** [illegible] Executive Vice-President and Managing Director [illegible] Editorial Circulation and Advertising Offices 481 University Ave Toronto 2, Canada [illegible] U.S.A.: Maclean-Hunter [illegible] New York [illegible] Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa [illegible] Manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for return [illegible] photographs.

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FRANK FREDRICKSON SAYS

The Grey Cup—and football—are strictly for the birds

When Ronnie Knox, the brilliant if sometimes erratic young quarterback who was being paid $1,250 a game by Toronto Argonauts, suddenly announced one day this fall that he was quitting football for keeps he took the opportunity to deliver a scathing indictment of the sport.

"I just had enough of the game," he said. "Money isn't everything. I've been playing for thirteen years now and I'm sick to the teeth of it. It's a game for animals and I like to think I'm above that. The better things in life interest me more."

If when he said this young Ronnie had cocked a keen ear toward the west he might have heard another voice — mine — crying in the same wilderness. No, not crying but letting loose with a resounding cheer.

"It's mob hysteria"

I have long been convinced that Canadian football has become the most over-publicized, most overrated and most over-attended game this country has ever known.

It may not be, as Ronnie claims, a game for animals but obviously it is not one that brings out the best in humans, be they players or spectators. It is a game that puts a premium on brawn strength and even encourages brutality. It is certainly not the thinking man's sport.

I'll readily concede that football does have its own merits as a game and has a rightful place in Canadian sports. And it goes without saying, football fans have a right to be football fans.

But I do most emphatically contend that as a game to watch and play football is not in the same class as, say, hockey or soccer.

Its present phenomenal popularity is undeserved and the supercharged emotionalism — let's be frank, the mob hysteria — that surrounds the game is actually unnatural and unwholesome.

Not for a moment am I advocating that we ban the game. Every man to his taste. Rather I believe we should begin to grow up, assume a mature attitude toward it and de-emphasize it.

What we forget or overlook is that football as we know it today is a professional sports promotion, not a *cause célèbre*, a crusade or even simply a game. All the platitudes extolling its value in character building and creating civic pride are mainly window-dressing. The Grey Cup is sheer tinsel but not the Holy Grail.

Football has become a hybrid monster: part sport and part show business and with a slight case of assault and battery thrown in to bring out the beast that lurks in side us all.

If it ever were stripped of all its trappings — the bands and bally hoo, the parades and pretty cheerleaders, the [illegible] and false glamour — it would quickly revert to its proper place in the scheme of sport. Once again it would be just another team game attracting in each city only those few thousand fans who thoroughly understand it and enjoy it as a sport, not as a spectacle.

On November 28 the champions of East and West will meet in Exhibition Stadium, Toronto, to play for the Grey Cup and once again we'll be plunged into a weekend of national madness.

Many city councils throughout the land will help finance the promotion of the game — and the emotional orgy that has become a part of it — by entering civic floats in the Grey Cup parade.

As I write the matter has yet to come before Vancouver's city council but I will say right now that as an alderman I will oppose any move to spend the taxpayers' money in this wasteful manner.

The Grey Cup parade has only one purpose continued on page 65

FRANK FREDRICKSON, A FORMER HOCKEY GREAT, IS A VANCOUVER ALDERMAN

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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Will Liberals and Labor now merge?

The date is October 10 1963. All day long the BBC has been televising the election results and the excitement is intense. The experts say that it is the largest vote in British history.

"Stand by everybody" booms the TV announcer. "Any moment now the Conservative spokesman will make an important statement. Meanwhile the weather has been splendid all over the country and it looks like a fine day tomorrow. Here are the results from Chipping Hollow, Upper Wallingham and Duckworth Swallows. Three more Conservative losses!"

To fill in the time the people are regaled with TV scenes of cheering crowds in Manchester, Liverpool, London and Puddlington-on-Thames. It certainly looks like a landslide.

"Stand by!" This time there is a note of finality in the voice. The whole nation waits for the fateful words. Then with complete calm and not even a tinge of partisanship the announcer says: "The official spokesman of the Conservative party has conceded defeat. We shall continue to give the individual results throughout the night."

This may seem a strange excursion into political fantasy but I am convinced that the British election of 1959 marked the end of an era and the beginning of a new political conception.

Never before in British political history has a party won three successive general elections. Yet if there is no change in the setup and philosophy of the Labor party I cannot see any reason why the Tories should not win again in 1963 and even in 1967.

Obviously this is just as apparent to the socialists as to the Tories. Therefore it would seem inevitable that not only will the socialist political machine be thoroughly overhauled but what is far more important, the party leaders will have to reconsider socialism itself as a political philosophy.

What was the one factor above all others which defeated the Labor party? The answer is quite simple. They went down to defeat for the third successive time because they fought on a class basis instead of a national one.

I can imagine that some Maclean's readers will write me to the effect that I ought to be my age and stop continued on page 78

If the two losers got together could they topple Tories?

LIBERALS' GRIMOND

LABOR'S GAITSKELL

"We are seeing the dissolution of the socialist party if it stands by itself and the Liberals by themselves are a miniature from the political past."

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Guthrie was first brought to Canada by a phone call from Festival founder Patterson (left) who later hired Tanya Moiseiwitsch as designer

My part in the Stratford adventure

BY TYRONE GUTHRIE

With flashing Irish wit and a disarming frankness, the great director who guided the beginnings of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival recalls the inspiration and desperation, the gloomy prophecies, the birth pangs and the starry successes that were recorded as an impossible dream became triumphant reality

IN THE SUMMER of 1952 I was at home in Ireland. One evening the telephone rang and our postmistress told me that earlier that day a call had come for me which purported to be from Toronto.

Mrs. McCabe's answer had been categorical. "Nonsense," she said, hung up the thing and went to feed her hens.

Now, she said, the same joker was on the line again. Would I speak? "This is Tom Patterson," said a still small voice out of the everywhere. "Will you come to Canada and give advice. We want to start a Shakespeare festival in Stratford, Ontario. We will pay your expenses and a small fee."

"When do you want me?"

"At once. Tomorrow, if you can."

Naturally, I said yes. I had some time at my disposal. It would be fun to have another look at Canada after all

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

Skip Manley (right) whose life work is raising tents talks to Patterson as Stratford's giant was being erected

"Something courageous was being done here"

My part in the Stratford adventure *continued*

these years I did not take the advice part of the Shakespeare festival very seriously.

At the airport in Toronto I was met by Patterson, a small mouse-colored person, quite young. Merry eyes glinted behind owlish glasses, a poor crop of hair was receding from an impressive dome. He talked a mile a minute. His enthusiasm was endearing, tempered by a grim, reassuringly Scottish humor and what seemed to me a remarkably detached and philosophic approach.

The festival had been his idea. As a soldier in Europe he had been impressed by the opera in Italy. Later, in London, he had fallen in love with the Old Vic. He had considered the musical and dramatic expressions in Stratford, Ontario, and, in comparison with what he had seen, he thought them unimpressive. He thought further, however, that Canadians might very well be as talented, as discriminating and as energetic as Europeans, and were certainly richer. He thought finally that he would Do Something About It.

Back home at the end of the war he made himself a complete pest, everlastingly nagging people about the inadequacy of Stratford's cultural life. He bombarded the town hall, bewildered the Parent Teacher Association, bothered the clergy, heckled the Rotarians, browbeat the Elks and bullied the Lions — to no avail. God, however, moves in a mysterious way. Something called the Junior Chamber of Commerce voted a small sum of money to explore the possibility of a Shakespearean festival. The inevitable committee was formed. It was to meet this committee and to offer it advice that we were driving to Stratford. The July sun blazed on great corn fields, sleek dairy cattle, prosperous little crimson towns incongruously named after the old country origins of their first settlers — Baden, New Hamburg and Petersburg.

That night we were to meet the committee. There was an hour or two in which to take a preliminary look at Stratford. There is a shopping centre remarkably like those in a hundred other Canadian or American small towns — the same multiple stores, the usual raw red churches, the usual public buildings, ungracious and dull. Around this centre the residential areas were

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Guthrie surveys his stage in the tent no one believed would really be ready for the opening.

H. SCOTT GORDON professor of economics at Carleton University, suggests

a plan to protect our savings against inflation

Pensions and retirement income that people worked hard to prepare in the Thirties have almost been wiped out by the shrinking value of the dollar. Unless the government will sell "indexed annuities," says this expert, the pensions a new generation now looks forward to will be practically worthless

"A little inflation probably hurts no one—except retired people with fixed incomes"

REMEMBER the insurance-company ads that used to picture a happy elderly couple basking in the sunshine on an annuity of $100 a month? Insurance companies, as everyone knows, are very conservative institutions. They still picture the elderly couple enjoying a secure and comfortable retirement, but the annuity figure now usually reads $400 a month.

What has happened to the people who thought they were making adequate provision for retirement by contracting for the recommended annuity or endowment policy forty years ago? The contract they entered into was for a certain number of dollars. But those dollars will purchase far less now than they would forty years ago. The result is that we have in Canada today thousands of people who saved during their working years to make what they thought was adequate provision for retirement who now find themselves with a standard of living below that of our lowest-paid unskilled laborers. Less than one percent of the young working population in 1920 could have saved enough to provide a retirement pension of $400 a month, but even those who could have done so didn't think it was necessary, because they didn't consider the extent to which their savings would be eroded by inflation.

These elderly citizens, many of whom have made distinguished contributions to Canadian society, are condemned to a retirement of poverty. There is nothing they can do to raise their incomes now, for their working years are over. Worse still, there was nothing they could have done forty years ago to protect themselves from the danger of inflation.

There has been a great deal of discussion about inflation in recent years, but most of it has been concerned with *preventing* inflation. It is true, of course, that if we could prevent inflation altogether we would have the best possible protection for retired people. There is, however, no good reason to think that we will succeed in preventing inflation altogether and, to the extent that it occurs, retired people will suffer. We have firemen to prevent fires, but we also have fire insurance to enable people to protect themselves from the loss of home and property. It would be wonderful if no fires ever occurred but, until that Utopian day arrives, fire insurance performs a useful service. Why not have inflation insurance so that people can protect their retirement living standards just as they now protect their property with fire insurance?

The kind of inflation we have been having in Canada in recent years has been quite moderate, especially if we compare it with certain other countries. Since the end of the war Canada has experienced two major upward spurts in prices—in the immediate postwar period (up to about the middle of 1948) and during the Korean war. Aside from these two periods, prices in Canada have risen, on the average, between one and two percent a year since the end of the war.

Economists do not have unanimous views about a "creeping inflation" of one or two percent a year. Some believe that the creep inevitably becomes a gallop and must therefore be prevented at all costs. Others go so far in the opposite direction as to suggest that rising prices to this extent are necessary to maintain full employment and an expanding economy. In my own view there is not much evidence in either history or economic theory one way or the other. An inflation of one or two percent a year doesn't necessarily do the economy any good, but it doesn't necessarily do any harm either.

A creeping inflation may not do the economy as a whole any harm, but there is one *section* of the community that is very seriously affected by it — retired people whose sole or main source of income is a pension contract. A steady erosion of two percent a year adds up to quite a bit over the course of a whole lifetime. With such a moderate "creeping inflation," a person who begins contributing to a pension when he is twenty five will find that a third of its value has been eaten away before he even begins to draw retirement benefits. If he lives until the age of eighty five he will receive in his latter years about half of the real income he thought he was providing for.

During the past few years the contributors to pension funds and the managers of pension schemes have become very much aware of the effect of inflation on the welfare of retired people. Various plans have been put forward to protect pensions from inflation erosion. The most common inflation hedge adopted by the pension funds is to recommend that a portion of the money be invested in common stocks of leading corporations. The reasoning behind this recommendation is that the yield on

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IKE OF MONTY: "There are certain things in which I do not concur." MONTY OF IKE: "He just doesn't know what he is doing."

THE MEMOIRS OF VISCOUNT ALANBROOKE, CHIEF OF THE
IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF, AS EDITED BY ARTHUR BRYANT

MONTY VERSUS IKE

A new report on the war's most successful and turbulent military partnership:

This concludes Maclean's condensation of the second volume of the diaries and reflections of the British Commonwealth's senior soldier during the Second World War. In a memorable new book edited and annotated by Sir Arthur Bryant and published by Collins under the title Triumph in the West, Lord Alanbrooke reports and looks back on historic events and historic men and some of the personal conflicts into which the men were led by their burdens of responsibility. This installment deals chiefly with the famous differences between the Alliance's two most famous commanders, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Bernard L. Montgomery.

Passages enclosed in quotation marks are excerpts from the diaries of Alanbrooke kept from day to day during the war. Passages in indented type and quotation marks are Alanbrooke's amplifications and afterthoughts on his diaries. Words not enclosed in quotations are Sir Arthur Bryant's.

"July 26th, 1944: At 4 p.m. I was sent for by Winston. Eisenhower had been lunching with him and had again run down Montgomery and described his stickiness and the reaction in the American papers. The old story again: H.Q. was sparing British Forces at the expense of the Americans, who were having all the casualties. In the end I was asked to dine tomorrow night to meet Eisenhower and Bedell Smith."

"July 27th. Dinner with P.M., Ike and Bedell Smith did a lot of good. I have offered to go over with Ike if necessary to assist him in handling Monty.

"The strategy of the Normandy landing is quite straightforward. The British (on left) must hold and draw Germans on to themselves off the western flank whilst Americans swing up to open Brest peninsula. But now comes the trouble: the press chip in and we hear that the British are doing nothing and suffering no casualties whilst the Americans are bearing all the brunt of the war.

"There is no doubt that Ike is all out to do all he can to maintain the best relations between British and Americans. But it is equally clear that Ike knows nothing about strategy. Bedell Smith, on the other hand, has brains but no military education in its true sense. He is certainly one of the best American officers, but still falls far short when it comes to strategic outlook. With that Supreme Command set-up it is no wonder that Monty's real high ability is not always realized. Especially so when national spectacles pervert the perspective of the strategic landscape."

Next morning Brooke wrote to Montgomery about his talks with the Supreme Commander:

"This trouble is looming larger and wants watching very carefully.

Ike favored Civil War tactics

"Ike considers that Dempsey should be doing more than he does. It is equally clear that Ike has the very vaguest conception of war! I drew his attention to what your basic strategy had been, i.e. to hold with your left and draw Germans onto that flank whilst you pushed with your right. I told him that in view of the fact that the German density in Normandy was two and a half times that on the Russian front whilst our superiority in strength was only some twenty-five percent as compared to three hundred percent Russian superiority on the Eastern front, I did not consider that we were in a position to launch an all-out offensive along the whole front.

Evidently he has some conception of attacking on the whole front, which must be an American doctrine judging by Mark Clark with Fifth Army in Italy! However, unfortunately this same policy of attacking (or engaging the enemy) along the whole front is one that appeals to the P.M. Ike may therefore obtain some support in this direction.

Now, as a result of all this talking and the actual situation on your front, I feel quite certain that Dempsey must attack at the *earliest possible* moment on a large scale. We must not allow German forces to move from his front to Bradley's front or we shall give more cause than ever for criticism. Do not neglect this point, it is an important one."

Montgomery replied that night: "Your letter received. Everything will be thrown in. Gave orders to Dempsey this morning that attack is to be pressed with utmost vigor and all caution thrown to the winds and any casualties accepted and that he must step on gas for Vire. Americans are going great guns, and with Second Army drive south from Caumont I think results may be good."

It had always been understood that as soon as the U.S. had two armies in action a separate American army group independent of the original 21 army group should be formed under Omar Bradley, leaving Montgomery in command of a purely British and Canadian army group. This had been effected at the beginning of August, but throughout that month of victory the direction of the allied ground forces continued in Montgomery's hands. But for all his military genius that officer was little loved by his immediate American subordinates, and the apparent ease of their break-out and the rapidity of their advance compared with the slow slogging pace of the British and Canadians in the bocage had filled them with self-confidence. It seemed essential to them now not only that there should be an American Supreme Commander but that he should and be recognized as Commander-in-Chief as well. And several senior British army and air force staff officers at SHAEF who, like everyone else who worked closely under Eisenhower, loved and admired him, agreed with them.

Having used the Americans to break out on his right flank and sweep to Paris, Montgomery at that moment was preparing to launch the British on his left to a similar all-out drive towards Brussels and Antwerp. It was his belief that, by doing so and directing his own and Bradley's army group as a solid compact mass of forty divisions towards the Lower Rhine and Ruhr, he could strike Germany a blow from which in its present shaken state there could be no recovery. But Eisenhower, who was essentially a staff officer with little knowledge of the realities of the battlefield, did not share this belief. He was obsessed with the logistical problems—which were immense—of supplying his forces, now advancing far from their inadequate Channel bases, and of maintaining them throughout the winter as they moved into Germany, and felt that he could only do so if they went forward on a wide front, using as many roads as possible. And like nearly all senior American military commanders at the time, except the genius MacArthur, he was a believer in the classic Civil War doctrine of frontal assault, of "Everybody attacks all the time." He disapproved of Montgomery's plan for allocating all the available maintenance to the north to enable the Allied left to drive through the Low Countries into the heart of the Ruhr. He wished instead to divide his resources impartially between Montgomery's British and Canadians in the north, Bradley's Americans in the centre—now spreading out and advancing on Nancy and Metz—and Devers's Americans and French moving up from the Rhone towards Alsace, and then, having got them neatly into position on a six-hundred-mile front, to assail Germany simultaneously with them all.

Brooke's diary for Monday, August 28th reflects this difference in strategic view:

"Difficult C.O.S. meeting when we considered Eisenhower's new plan to take command himself in northern France on Sept. 1st. This plan is likely to add another three to six months onto the war. He wants to split his force, sending an American contingent towards Nancy whilst the British army group moves along the coast. If the Germans were not so beat as they are this would be a fatal move."

Monty's mail arrived late

As a result of the Supreme Commander's attempt to maintain from overstrained supply lines the momentum of his advance along the entire western approaches to the Reich, Hitler and the German high command were given the time they needed to halt the northern drive towards the Ruhr—a target far more vulnerable and accessible than any comparable prize elsewhere and whose capture at that moment might have ended the war. On September 4th Eisenhower sent a signal to Montgomery and Bradley that, as the bulk of the German army had been destroyed, he proposed to exploit his success by simultaneously breaking the Siegfried Line, crossing the Rhine on a wide front and seizing both the Saar and the Ruhr. At the time of despatching this telegram—part of which took four days to reach Montgomery owing to the lack of facilities for exercising operational command from Eisenhower's personal headquarters—the Supreme Commander was isolated with a sprained knee in a remote Normandy village nearly four hundred miles from the battle line with which he was out of both radio and telephone touch.

While Montgomery and Bradley both pleaded for priority of supply—the one to strike through Holland across the Lower Rhine at the Ruhr and Hanover plain, the other to drive towards Frankfurt and Central Germany—Eisenhower, inclining first one way, then another, remained what Brooke had seen him to be, an arbiter balancing the requirements of competing allies and subordinates rather than a master of the field making the decisive choice. The opportunity for delivering the coup de grace by rushing the Ruhr, if it ever existed, lasted for those few days of early September. By the 10th, when in response to Montgomery's repeated entreaties Eisenhower flew from his airbed to Brussels to give him approval to a plan for using the Allies' air borne forces to seize ahead of the halted British Second Army the canal and river crossings of the Maas, Waal and Rhine, the chance to drive through Holland to the Ruhr was already passing. Not till the 12th, in response to the Combined Chiefs of Staff's Quebec directive recommending precedence for the northern thrust, did the Supreme Commander agree to allocate sufficient additional transport and petrol to 21 Army Group to make even this belated project possible. And he still continued in private to stigmatize Montgomery's demand for complete priority of supply as "crazy" and refused to halt Patton in Lorraine.

Entry from Brooke's diary

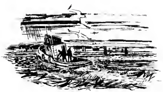
"November 2nd. Lunch with P.M. to meet Bedell Smith. Found out that Ike's plan as usual entails attacking all along the front instead of selecting main strategic point. I fear that the November attack will consequently get no farther than the Rhine at the most.

"P.M. not in his usual form and on the flat side. However his fighting spirit the same as usual and he said if he was a German he would get his small daughter to put a bomb under some British bed. He would instruct his wife to wait till some American was bending over his basin washing to strike him on the neck with a chopper, whilst he himself sniped at Americans and British indiscriminately!

"November 20th. C.O.S. meet

continued on page 50

Early meeting in North Africa found Montgomery and Eisenhower much more relaxed and compatible than in the more complex and desperate days still ahead.



Where the Fraser tumbles into the sea, tugs sort out log booms near New Westminster
For lumber, the river is cheap transport

The Fraser

SIX HUNDRED MILES OF SAVAGE FORCE

Canada's most remorseless torrent, the hurtling, roaring Fraser seems hostile to man and all his works. Yet Fraser salmon support a huge fishing industry; Fraser silt has created one of our richest farming areas, and Fraser gold attracted the men whose descendants built British Columbia

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

Paintings for Maclean's by Gordon Smith

NO EASTERNER, least of all one from the small mature and coherent province of Nova Scotia is ever likely to feel at home beside the Fraser River It is alien to everything in his background and so is its land Great men have passed through its story, but they did not grow out of the country on which for brief moments, they partially imposed their wills Wild and wonderful experiences have been recorded in some of the towns along the canyon and up tributaries like the Thompson, the Lillooet and the Quesnel but some of those towns are ghosts today and the descendants of the men who once thronged them live elsewhere It took the Swiss centuries to establish a real human relationship with the Alps. It will take Canadians at least half as long to do the same with the Rockies

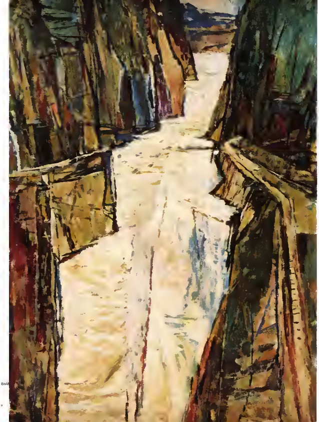
This is the most exciting country in Canada, and I don't see how anyone could visit it without longing to return Its beauty makes you catch your breath But it was a westerner, Bruce Hutchison who remarked that the beauty of the most spectacular parts of the Fraser is that of a nightmare This is the most savage of all the major rivers of North America

The Fraser's total length is eight hundred and fifty miles its course the shape of the letter S drawn by a man in *delirium tremens* It rises at 52° 45′ north latitude in two small branches fed by Mount Robson's glacier just west of the continental divide and the moment these feeder streams unite they find a course in which to run. There in the absolute wilderness of the northern Rockies the drama of the Fraser begins

Though the ultimate destination lies hundreds of miles to the southwest, the Fraser begins its career by charging northwest in a wide, wavering curve along the Rocky Mountain trench. After about two hundred miles the rushing waters encounter the northern spur of the Cariboo Mountains, sweep in a fierce arc around them, then plunge directly south Twisting furiously, with only a few brief interludes of relative calm the Fraser roars four hundred miles down to the little town of Hope B C, which began its existence as a Hudson's Bay Company post and was well named as so many of those posts were, when one considers what awaited a traveler going north before the roads were built At Hope the river at last breaks out of its mountain trap

To the geographer what happens here is one of the most exciting natural spectacles in Canada Within a mile the entire character of the river changes and this tyrannosaurus of a stream turns sweet and gentle In a broad valley shining under the sun with a width about the same as the St John below Fredericton the Fraser winds calmly through the loveliest farming valley in the land The air is balmy,

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



A peak of fury is reached in the gorge below Alexandria Brid

At New Westminster the river, its fury spent at last, glides under the Pattullo Bridge. This was painted on a quiet Sunday as dusk was falling

The Fraser *continued*

the cattle as sleek as in a Cambridgeshire meadow, the snow peaks Olympian in the safe distance. During these last 80 miles the river traverses most of settled British Columbia, for it is in this beautiful corner and in the twin cities at the estuary that the bulk of British Columbians live. At the end the Fraser is like old King Lear with the rage gone. But before the ocean swallows it, receiving its water through a surprisingly small delta, the river makes one final assertion of its true character. For miles it stains the clean brine of the Georgia Strait with the dirty yellow silt it has torn out of the mountains all the way from the top of the Cariboo to the canyon's end at Hope.

"If a river could flow on the moon," I thought as I flew over the black canyon, "it would probably look like this."

The idea is not so far fetched as it sounds, because from twenty thousand feet a lot of the land around the central Fraser looks just as chaotic and devoid of purpose as the moon's surface seen through a telescope. Those peaks which inspire you when you stare up at them from the green bottom of a friendly valley are harsh, barren ridges of rock where nothing can live. The valleys where the elk browse and the little streams cascade are cruel scars. From the air the Rocky Mountains are seldom beautiful.

Yet the air is the best place to study the Fraser if you want to understand the logic of its course. On the ground, traveling that fantastic highway which has grown out of the old Cariboo Road, the river seems to be coming at you from all directions and the road beside it twists like a spiral stair so that on a dull day, without the sun to tell you your course, you often don't know whether you are traveling north or south. But from the air the twists in the river are seen to be perfectly natural.

The problem of every river is to reach the sea by the shortest possible route, and this may vary from a gentle winding in a set direction to a tortured course through every point in the compass until the goal is reached. It all depends on the terrain. The Fraser's terrain is the worst of any major river in America, possibly of any in the world, and so is its problem.

From the air you see how it solves it. As all of its course save the final 80 miles lies in a mountain labyrinth where peaks and ranges jostle each other, the Fraser must outflank ridge after ridge and in some places bore its way through sheer walls of rock. From the air you see it like a very yellow, very thin snake that looks as though it had died after having had a convulsion in a rock trap. From the air there is no life in it, and it does not seem like a river at all.

On the ground there is life in it all right, and life in the region too. Here the colors are so bold and wonderful—sage green, orange of sandstone, viridian of fir and hemlock, blue of translucent skies, Wimbledon green on the rare benches where the cattle graze — that a visitor from the East feels he has been translated into a larger, brighter, more exciting existence. The wild flowers are lovely along the Fraser, the wind sounds as though the mountains were breathing, the dawns and sunsets are such that you can only stare at them in silence. Then you look down the steep trench — in places you look down thousands of feet — and you see the intruder. That furious frothing water scandalously yellow against the green — where did it come from and how did it get here?

This savage thing! On all major rivers you expect the occasional turbulence and you assume that all mountain streams are cataracts. But rivers like the St. Lawrence quickly level off after their rapids, and mountain streams like the Kicking Horse are shallow and short. The Fraser is neither short nor shallow. It is a hundred miles longer than the Rhine, it is one of the deepest rivers in North America and it flows with cataract force for more than six hundred miles with only a few interludes of relative quiet. In a sense the Fraser does not flow at all, it seethes along with whirl

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Down near the water level under Alexandra Bridge, says painter Gordon Smith, "the Fraser is almost terrifying."

Near Steveston, B.C., the river's flotsam is washed ashore and bleached in the sun like the bones of long-dead animals

Where the river stretches out over the tidal marshes near Steveston and the reed-choked flats farther down it evokes a feeling of quiet and mystery

Author French in his busy supermarket near Montreal

How I sell pretty nearly everything

I manage a supermarket.
While handling everything from eggs to golf balls,
I find I'm also running a guided tour
for customers who are so fascinated by the business
they even count the cars in my parking lot

BY CLIFFORD V. FRENCH
as told to ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

I'M THE MANAGER of Steinberg's supermarket in Dorval, a suburb of Montreal. The position is demanding and the hours are long but this is offset by the fact that my customers feel they can come to me for help and advice and that I am taking a part in the daily life of my community. And the job has its lighter side in the incidents that take place.

Once a week, sometimes oftener, the suburban housewife puts her child in a shopping carriage, glances at the news on the customers' bulletin board, lights a cigarette and sets out on a cook's tour of the nine glittering aisles. She picks up groceries, meats, fruits, vegetables, housewares, perhaps a magazine, stamp premium, panda bear, dictionary, encyclopedia, record, potted plant, set of golf balls, child's blackboard, pair of scissors, maple tree or pair of baby pants.

Occasionally she gets into a state of nerves. She often stops to gossip with a neighbor. She loves to give me advice, and it's usually good advice (most of the changes made in stores like mine in the Steinberg chain have been suggested by customers). She sometimes becomes engrossed in the operation of a supermarket, and an occasional customer listens in to shop talk in hopes of getting a bit of inside information on new food developments.

One time recently a woman eavesdropped on a conversation between myself and a salesman from a big packing house. He was telling me about all the good things they packed into their dog food and got so carried away with the idea that he said all their salesmen had to eat some of it so that they'd know how really good it was. When he'd gone, the woman customer, who had been stalling around in hearing distance, came over and said she'd heard what that man said and she thought she'd try a couple of tins on her husband.

"Madam," I said, "that was a *salesman* you were listening to. I suggest you look into the matter more closely."

But generally our customer goes her own way, shopping efficiently, making the best use of the layout of our store. She prefers to serve herself. Self-service started because customers like it. A customer likes to feel that what she spends for supper is something strictly between herself and her purse, and she likes to be able to take her time shopping instead of fighting for position at a counter and competing for a clerk.

As she enters our store at Dorval, she first comes to a checking booth. This is arranged so that she can check her bags, get rid of empty bottles and buy cigarettes. If a customer lights up a cigarette, it helps relax her. The more comfortable you make her the oftener she'll come back.

All Steinberg's stores have meats at the entrance of the store. Meals are prepared around the meat, so we feel that the customer should be sold the meat first. This is primarily for the customer's convenience, but it's good sales psychology too. Meat is the biggest single expense in the food business. If you sell it last, you're selling the customer the biggest item not only when she's on her way continued on page 74

THE MODERN SUPERMARKET OFFERS

heavenly odors

entertainment

pot plants and just pots

mmunity service

free browsing

and even groceries

Every few years the lemming population explodes. So many rush into the sea, they seem extinct

THE MYSTERY OF THE "MICE FROM THE SKY"

WHAT EXACTLY ARE LEMMINGS?
HOW DO THEY LIVE?
WHY DO THEY COMMIT MASS SUICIDE?

To find her own answers
to these fascinating puzzles
this famed nature writer
spent an Arctic winter
studying her own captive colony

By Sally Carrighar

JUST ABOUT everyone knows that lemmings end their mysterious, short life cycle by mass suicide in the ocean — but no one knows exactly why. After studying these strange furry rodents in the far north all one winter I still don't know exactly why either — but I have evolved a theory satisfying to me.

Few biologists have ever seen a lemming, even though they're a species that determines the populations of many other species. When they march into the sea and drown, so few are left that one could believe they had become extinct. Then in only three or four years they reach fantastic density again.

During the time when so many are available a whole group of predators live on little else—and being so well fed themselves breed at an abnormal rate. Other creatures like squirrels and hares that ordinarily would be prey are left alone and they too increase. Wolves ignore caribou when their hunger is satiated with lemmings.

The results extend a long way from the Arctic. Snowy owls thrive and multiply at the height of the lemmings cycle. When they can find no more, the owls' hunger takes them south even into the Carolinas — and small birds and mammals there become the victims of owls they otherwise never would see.

Lemmings had aroused my curiosity for years. Some biologists are convinced the lemming hordes leave their birthplace because they exhaust the mosses and grass. Examinations of land over which they have passed, however, have proved that much nourishment still may be there.

For centuries the folklore of Europe has held that the migrating lemmings were seeking a former home on Atlantis, lands which existed in the Miocene period and now are covered by parts of the Baltic and North Sea.

In every far-north country the primitive people call lemmings "mice from the sky." The Eskimo word is "*kay loong nna tuk*." Several serious-minded Eskimos told me of seeing the lemmings come down, "falling in bigger and bigger circles." They described lemming tracks that "start where the lemmings land, without any footprints going to that place."

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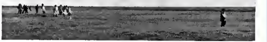

These Eskimo children are hunting lemmings for the author. At Point Barrow they trapped six.

London teen-agers listen to get marriage advice from Charles M. King, of the National Marriage Guidance Council

The "secret society" that saves marriages

Anonymous as secret agents, the one thousand unpaid counselors of Britain's National Marriage Guidance Council have a solid record of pulling marriages back from the brink of divorce. How do they do it? Strangely enough, by rarely doing anything

BY McKENZIE PORTER

FOR EVERY hundred marriages that end in the divorce courts of Great Britain sixteen are rescued from disaster by a shoestring organization that operates as secretly as an intelligence agency. Its name is the National Marriage Guidance Council. While it cuts the prevailing divorce rate by sixteen percent it costs the U.K. government only one percent of the money spent on subsidized divorces for needy petitioners. Recently Viscount Kilmuir, Britain's Lord Chancellor, described NMGC's influence as "immensely important." Three of the society's booklets on the subject of happy wedlock are best sellers. Every week thousands of engaged couples take NMGC lectures on the sexual, financial, spiritual and psychological aspects of successful matrimony.

NMGC counselors — the one thousand happily married men and women who dedicate their spare time to bettering the unhappy marriages of others — have been disparaged in press and parliament as "snoopers," "humbugs" and "quacks." Two years ago, however, The Times said that they are "more rigorously selected and trained than any other unpaid welfare workers in the world."

A. Joseph Brayshaw, a middle-aged Quaker who gave up a prosperous engineering business to become general secretary of the NMGC, calls the counselors "a band of intimate strangers." Much of their success as peacemakers lies in their ability to listen silently as distressed husbands and wives pour out their woes, or "get it off their chests."

Unlike many do-gooders the counselors never enjoy public recognition while serving. It is to protect the problems of their clients from exposure by association that they operate so anonymously and inconspicuously.

Five years ago an NMGC woman counselor was called as a witness in a Midlands divorce court. A lawyer wanted her to admit that one of her clients had confessed, during a marriage guidance interview, to adultery. The counselor answered the subpoena with a packed bag. She was prepared to go to prison for contempt of court rather than betray the confidences of her client. A sympathetic judge excused her from testifying.

Such courage is only one of many virtues required by NMGC counselors. Their duties are so exacting that more than forty percent of those who volunteer for the job are rejected after two days of examination.

Most of the people who seek the help of the marriage counselors are sent by doctors, lawyers, clergymen and police officers. They come from all groups except the very rich who, according to NMGC, "shrink from wel

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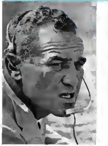
These coaches won fame—of a kind—for going into the Grey Cup game with these predictions of what would happen. Those with "crippled" teams usually triumphed



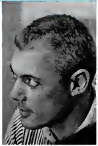
Jim Trimble, Hamilton, 1957
"If Winnipeg beats us they're going to have to score more than 50 points." Winnipeg lost with seven

Frank Clair, Toronto, 1952
"My boys are in pretty bad shape." They easily beat Edmonton Eskimos 21 to 11

Frank Ivy, Edmonton, 1954
"If you don't pinpoint your injuries there's the chance at least you'll win." He did

w Hayman, Toronto, 1938
"My boys are in terrible shape." His boys, whatever their shape, demolished Winnipeg 30 to 7

Reg Threlfall, Winnipeg, 1938
"We'll cut 'em off at the knees," he said, speaking of Hayman's Argos, who limped out and beat him badly



Bud Grant, Winnipeg, 1957
"Oh, we're hurting here and there," he said confidently, "but we'll show up." They showed and were riddled

How to lie your way to the Grey cup

On the eve of the big game the coaches follow an almost invariable formula:

if the team is healthy, say it's dying;

if it's dying, say it's healthy.

They practise this innocent deceit in the name of psychology

and sometimes it works

BY TRENT FRAYNE

On Saturday, November 28, on the tired turf of the CNE Stadium in Toronto, the two professional football teams that are presumably the best in the country will once more present that great Canadian folk festival, the Grey Cup game. For a week before that, the coaches of the contending teams will be competing in an essential part of the preliminary rites—the telling of shameless and outrageous lies.

As far back as 1938, a ceaseless talker named Reg Threlfall was challenging the truth on behalf of his Winnipeg Blue Bombers as they invaded the east to take on the Toronto Argonauts.

"We'll cut 'em off at the knees and they'll look like Boy Scouts," said Threlfall, airily polishing his spectacles. "It'll be like shooting fish in a barrel."

His rival coach, Lew Hayman, surveyed Threlfall's words in deep gloom. "He may be right," said Hayman. "My boys are in terrible shape."

When the teams departed from the field of turmoil on December 10, the Argo knees were all intact and they had won the game 30 to 7.

Hayman, who coached in five Grey Cup games and won them all, went into every one of them with the yeasty optimism and unbridled exhilaration of a man about to undergo surgery. If he didn't come right out and say "I may not go to the game on Saturday, my team hasn't got a chance and I can't stand the sight of blood," he always *looked* as though that was his impulse. A Toronto newspaperman who covered all of Hayman's conquests, Hal Walker, recalls that he never interviewed a man more morose.

"I always felt I was treading on somebody's grave when I went to see him," Walker says. "If I hadn't known better I'd have sworn his teams didn't have a hope."

Usually the coaches' lies relate to the well-being of their players. The coach who has a healthy team spends most of Grey Cup week gloomily confiding to the press (and by indirection to his rival coach) that he hasn't a football team but a pathetic infirmary of cripples. The coach whose team has a long list of genuine injuries proclaims that his men are as strong and fit as a stadiumful of Paul Bunyans. It's true that the science and skill of football rest mostly in deception, but the deception is by no means confined to the field. A fan seeking nothing but the truth in the week before the Grey Cup game will rarely find it in the deathless quotes uttered by the dissembling coaches.

For example, in 1957 the air was filled with the feat of Bud Grant, whose Winnipeg Blue Bombers had scored a miracle, as these things are measured, by beating the vaunted Edmonton Eskimos in the western playoffs. The series went three games, involved an unprecedented twenty minutes of overtime in the deciding game and ended Edmonton's complete domination not alone of the west but of the pro game in this country, for the awesome Esks had won the Grey Cup three years in a row. It seemed obvious, then, that any team good enough to beat the Eskimos was good enough to beat the eastern champion, in this case the Hamilton Tiger-Cats.

Did Coach Grant come right out and say that the Edmonton series had crippled his players and that he doubted if they'd be up to par for the big game? By no means.

"Oh, we're hurting here and there," he said disarmingly once, "but we expect to show up on Saturday."

The Bombers showed up all right, but only because their medical staff was able to inject hypodermic needles of novocaine under the pelts of four walking wounded. These were Charlie Shepard, fullback and punter, whose kicking leg bore bruised and torn muscles; Leo Lewis, halfback, who had torn cartilage between his ribs; Gerry James, fullback, who had a twisted swollen knee and then broke his hand in the first quarter but continued to continued on page 71

◀A Titanic lifeboat bobs in the sea at Carpathia's side. She saved 700 from the icy north Atlantic.

I watched the Titanic rescue

The Carpathia was the first ship to reach the spot where the "unsinkable" Titanic went down in 1912. The author—later captain of both the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth—was Carpathia's second officer. He recalls the frantic rescue dash through icebergs and the grief of the survivors when it was learned fifteen hundred had drowned

Author Bisset as a young officer.

"It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

And before his recent retirement

BY SIR JAMES BISSET

ON THURSDAY APRIL 11 1912 the day the Titanic left Queenstown westward bound on her first—and last—voyage the Carpathia left New York, eastward bound I had joined the Carpathia a comparatively modest Cunard passenger ship two months before as second officer

Three days later, a thousand miles out in the Atlantic, the Carpathia and the Titanic were within wireless range of each other Our operator, Harold Cottam, reported that the Titanic was sending a large number of commercial marconigrams to Cape Race Newfoundland for transmission by cable to New York or to Europe

"Busy traffic" Cottam commented "Stock exchange orders and that sort of thing for the multimillionaires on board"

That night Cottam reported to Captain Arthur Rostron and myself on the Carpathia's bridge that he had just been in touch with another ship not far from the Titanic the Lamport and Holt line's freighter Californian She had stopped her engines for the night because she was surrounded by ice

"It must be thick then" commented Captain Rostron quickly "I suppose the Titanic will have to slow down or steer a more southerly course She'll be late in New York It's hard luck on her maiden voyage and I feel sorry for Captain Smith She must be a wonderful ship but all their newspaper boasting seems a kind of blasphemy claiming that she's unsinkable Nothing human is perfect"

Captain Rostron known in the Cunard service as "the electric spark," was a pious man and a firm believer in the power of prayer

Cottam returned to his wireless shack abaft the bridge He listened to the stream of marconigrams that were still being sent out by operator Jack Phillips of the Titanic Cottam heard Cyril Evans operator on the Californian trying to cut in with an ice warning "We are stopped blocked by ice" Cottam smiled as he heard the curt reply from Phillips "Shut up—I'm busy"

It was 11 p m The mammoth ship was driving on at her utmost speed of twenty-two and a half knots trying to make up time—and headed toward the icefield Cottam hung up his earphones and got ready to retire He had every right to do so as had Evans on the Californian The Titanic's big-business marconigrams were not worth listening to. continued on page 36

Publicity about the Titanic's invincibility doubled the▶ shock. Here, New York crowds await the rescued.

"Memorial Hospital? Maternity floor, please. Mrs. Joan Brown, Room 42 . . . Joan? Whadya do with my white shirts?"

"Keep going, Ed! Greatest lyrics you've come up with yet!"

Sweet & sour

ON THE Q.T.

Children behaving can sound like a riot
The real misbehaving is done on the quiet

IDA M. PARDUE

MONEY MATTERS

Congratulate me! I got that raise!
And instead of a budget that's limping,
Now I can plan in so many ways
On a higher standard of scrimping!

MAY RICHSTONE

"The McTaguns have always been against spectator sports."

"The natives seem friendly, folks."

Football cheers for a modern day

The average college cheer sounds as though it were invented 60 years ago — and it probably was. Since the game is constantly evolving, it seems to me cheers should too.

Ray! Ray!
Homecoming Day
We give our players better pay!
Team! Team! Team!

Wa-a a-a-a-a ny out!
Re-e-e-e-e-e-eal gone!
Cool team cool!
SEND US!

Will they pass or will they punt?
Watch it, beatnik —
DOWN IN FRONT!

Hit that line!
Make those plays!
Help your coach
To get a raise!
YEAH! ATOMIZE 'EM!

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Remington's first again...with the only electric shaver that
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TO ANY BEARD OR SKIN
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ROLL-A-MATIC

BETWEEN THESE SETTINGS LIE THE SOLUTIONS TO EVERY SHAVING PROBLEM IN THE WORLD!

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LEFT TO LOWER Roller Combs as your beard gets tougher or grows longer
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UNLIMITED SETTINGS in between for every man's personal shaving needs

Roll-A-Matic shaving *outmodes* all others. Here's a shaver every man can tailor to his particular skin and beard for the best *truly* perfect shave! In the new Remington Roll-A-Matic Electric Shaver, exclusive Roller Combs now *rise* when skin needs more comfort; *lower* for heavier growth, week-long beards, sideburns or mustache. Unlimited settings in between—one is precisely right for *your* beard or skin!

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN: A challenging peak in Switzerland variously dominates the lives of a daydreaming dishwasher (James MacArthur), his sweetheart (Janet Munro) and an Alpine old-timer (Laurence Naismith) in this eye-filling adventure produced under Walt Disney's supervision. Michael Rennie portrays a renowned English climber who stimulates the lad's ambition to become a great mountain guide like his dead father. Some of the acting is self-consciously "quaint" in the manner of turn-of-the-century operettas but a pleasant story and spectacular Alpine photography make Third Man on the Mountain an agreeable experience.

FERRY TO HONG KONG. Looking and sounding as though he somehow has a tongue in *each* cheek, apple-faced Orson Welles turns in an unabashed caricature instead of a real characterization in this weird farce-thriller from Britain. His role is that of a fake ferry-skipper who finds himself permanently saddled with an international hobo (Curt Jurgens) on the run between Hong Kong and Macao. Rating: fair.

INSIDE THE MAFIA: Rival gangs of super-hoodlums try to imitate Executive Suite business tycoons for a while but eventually settle all their differences with blazing guns. Virtually nothing is disclosed about the infamous fraternity mentioned in the title. Rating: fair.

THE RABBIT TRAP: Laden with rather heavy symbolism, this is a well-intentioned little drama about a wage slave (Ernest Borgnine) who suddenly must choose between personal scruples and Getting Along at the Office. The outcome is unlikely to amaze the customers.

THE ROOF: Vittorio De Sica, who directed **Shoeshine** and **The Bicycle Thief**, has come up with another outstanding Italian film. It tells of the efforts of an impoverished young couple to find a home, no matter how humble, all to themselves.

THEY CAME TO CORDURA: The subtle ironies wrapped up in the true meanings of human courage and cowardice are examined, sometimes a bit too wordily, in a strong action drama starring Gary Cooper. The locale is the Mexican border during the 1916 skirmishes between Uncle Sam's cavalry and Pancho Villa's rebels. With Rita Hayworth, Van Heflin, Tab Hunter, Richard Conte.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anatomy of a Murder: Courtroom drama. Excellent.
Aparajito: Bengal drama. Good.
Ask Any Girl: Comedy. Good.
Blue Denim: Drama. Fair.
The Bridal Path: British comedy. Good.
But Not for Me: Comedy. Good.
Carlton-Browne of the F.O.: British comedy. Good.
Darby O'Gill and the Little People: Comic fantasy. Fair.
The Devil's Disciple: GBS comedy-drama. Fair.
The F.B.I. Story: G-man drama. Good.
5 Gates to Hell: War drama. *Poor.*
The Five Pennies: Bio-musical. Good.
For the First Time: Mario Lanza in songs and sobs. Fair.
The Heart of a Man: Comedy. Fair.
A Hole in the Head: Comedy. Good.
It Started With a Kiss: "Naughty" comedy. Good.
Last Train From Gun Hill: Suspense western. Good.
Legend of Tom Dooley: Drama. Good.
Look Back in Anger: Drama. Good.
The Magician: Swedish drama. Excellent.
The Man Who Couldn't Talk: Courtroom drama. Fair.
Middle of the Night: Drama. Fair.
North by Northwest: Comedy-thriller by Hitchcock. Excellent.
The Nun's Story: Drama. Excellent.
On the Beach: Atom-survival drama. Good.
Pillow Talk: Comedy. Excellent.
Porgy and Bess: Music-drama. Good.
Pork Chop Hill: War drama. Good.
Power Among Men: Documentary about atom-age co-operation. Excellent.
Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.
Sapphire: British whodunit. Fair.
Say One for Me: Comedy-drama. Fair.
The Scapegoat: Drama. Fair.
A Summer Place: Drama. Fair.
10 Seconds to Hell: Suspense. Fair.
That Kind of Woman: Drama. Fair.
Tiger Bay: Suspense drama. Good.
The World, the Flesh and the Devil: Atom-survival drama. Fair.
Yellowstone Kelly: Western. Good.
Yesterday's Enemy: War drama. Good.

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I watched the Titanic rescue

continued from page 31

"SOS, SOS," the Titanic operator broke in. "Come at once. We have struck an iceberg"

At 11.40 p.m. the Titanic struck an iceberg ten miles south of where the Californian lay at a standstill and approximately fifty miles from the Carpathia. The collision had been a glancing blow on the starboard bow and the big liner proceeded half a mile or more before she was stopped for investigations of the damage.

The wireless distress call was not sent out immediately. I had heard nothing new from Cottam at midnight when I was relieved on the bridge by First Officer Dean.

At 12.15 a.m. the Titanic sent out her first distress call: "CQD CQD CQD *(six times)* MGY *(Titanic's call sign)* Have struck an iceberg. We are badly damaged."

Cottam was not listening at that moment. Ten minutes later he idly picked up the headphones. At that time nothing was being transmitted. Instead of switching off and going to bed he decided to call up Phillips of the Titanic. He began affably tapping out "GMOM (Good morning, old man)."

To his utter amazement Phillips broke in: "CQD CQD SOS SOS CQD SOS Come at once. We have struck a berg."

This was the first time in history that the internationally agreed SOS signal of distress was sent out from a liner at sea.

Cottam, half dressed, sprang up to the bridge, told Dean of the message and then woke the captain.

I was dozing off to sleep. Suddenly I heard the captain's voice ringing out orders: "Stop her. Send for the chief engineer. Send for the chief officer. Call all the officers. Call all hands on deck and get ready to swing out the boats."

This last order particularly brought me out of my bunk on the jump. I sprang up the bridge ladder. Dean tersely informed me what had happened.

Already the Carpathia was being turned around. The captain was in the chart room working out the course. He came out onto the bridge and said briskly to the helmsman, "North 52 west! Full ahead!"

The other officers were now on the bridge. The captain beckoned us into the chart room and said: "The Titanic has struck a berg and is in distress fifty-eight miles from here. We will make our utmost speed in going to her rescue. Call out an extra watch in the engine room and raise every ounce of steam possible. We may reach her in four hours. All seamen on deck for sharp lookout and to swing out the boats. We may have to pick up two thousand or more people. All stewards on duty to prepare blankets, hot coffee, tea and soup. The doctors to stand by in the dining rooms. All gangway doors to be opened. Boatswain's chairs slung at each gangway. Pilot ladders overside. Forward derricks to be rigged and steam on winches. Oil to be got ready to quiet the sea if needed. Rockets to be got ready. Everything must be done as quietly as possible so as not to alarm our own passengers."

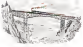
All this, quickly spoken in Captain Rostron's clear and steady tones within less than a minute, roused men still drowsy to a pitch of intense alertness.

Within minutes the engines increased the tempo of their throbbing, and presently we were belting along at sixteen knots, the greatest speed that old lady, rated at fourteen knots, had ever done in her life. The captain called me to the starboard wing of the bridge. "Station yourself here, Mister, and keep a special look out for lights or flares—*and for ice!* In this smooth sea it's no use looking for white surf around the base of the bergs but you will look for the reflection of starshine in the ice pinnacles. Extra lookouts will be posted, but I count on you with your good eyesight, and with God's help, to keep us from colliding with a berg. Give that all your attention!"

As the Carpathia thrust on into the night, Captain Rostron stood silently beside me for a minute, his cap raised a little from his brow and his lips moving in silent prayer. Then like an electric spark he was bustling around, galvanizing everybody to activity.

On the captain's instructions, our wireless operator signaled to the Titanic at 12.45 a.m.: "We are coming as quickly as possible and expect to be there within four hours." This was acknowledged by Phillips: "TUOM (Thank you old man)."

After that Cottam did not send any



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1883

THE 1883 INTERNATIONAL CANTILEVER BRIDGE AT NIAGARA FALLS

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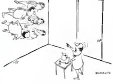

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more signals so as not to interfere with the transmissions from the Titanic. He heard her signals answered by other ships—the Frankfort, the Mount Temple and (from a great distance [400 to 500 miles to the westward]) by the Olympic. But there was no signal from the Californian, which lay only ten miles from the Titanic. Her wireless operator had shut down for the night.

At 1.25 a.m. Cottam heard the Titanic signaling: "We are putting the women off in boats." At 1.45: "Come as quickly as possible. Engine room filling up to the boilers."

With those two messages Captain Rostron envisaged for the first time the possibility that the Titanic might actually be foundering. It seemed incredible that the great "unsinkable" ship could actually sink.

A few days before in [illegible] I had visited the Titanic's sister ship the Olympic at her New York berth. A young White Star Line officer had showed me what made the two mammoth ships "unsinkable" — fifteen watertight bulkheads the doors of which could be closed automatically by pressing a button on the bridge. Unfortunately, as it turned out, the bulkheads had not been carried completely up to the deckheads. A leak too big for the pumps to subdue would cause water to overflow from one compartment to another. It was incredible that the designers had overlooked this possibility. The publicity that these big ships were "unsinkable" was tragic optimism.

At 1.45 a.m. the Titanic's wireless signals became faint. At 2.05 they ceased entirely. The Carpathia was still thirty-four miles away.

At 2.40, when we had twenty five miles to go, we sighted a green light on the horizon ahead. For a moment this was disconcerting. It looked like the starboard navigation light of a steamer, perhaps of the Titanic herself, unaccountably nearer than we had thought, but then the light vanished and we knew that it had been a rocket flaring far above sea level. It appeared to us to be on the horizon from our distance of twenty-five miles away.

At 2.45 I sighted the glimmer of a starbeam on an iceberg three quarters of a mile ahead of us on the port bow. I immediately reported it by singing out to the captain. He reacted promptly, altering course to starboard and reducing to half speed. He sighted the berg, saw that we had avoided it, and moved the engine telegraph again to full speed ahead.

The night was cloudless; stars were shining, but the greenish beams of the aurora borealis shimmered and confused the horizon ahead. My face was smarting in the frosty air as I stood on the wing of the bridge.

Within a few minutes we sighted another berg. We steered around it as before, and then sighted another and another.

Captain Rostron later stated his earnest belief that the "hand of God was on the helm of the Carpathia" during that half hour when, in eight more miles at forced full speed, we zigzagged among the bergs.

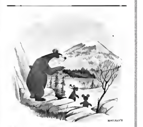
We were longing for daylight. I glanced at the deck of the bridge, and to my joy could see the holes in the gratings. Daylight was coming in. A green flare was sighted low on the water and we steered toward it. Captain Rostron ordered the engines to be stopped. It was 4 a.m. We had arrived in three and a half hours.

Powerful is the force of routine. As eight bells sounded the lookout man in the crow's nest sang out the long-drawn wailing cry: "A-a-all's well and lights burning brightly."

At that moment, in the dim gray light of dawn, we sighted a lifeboat a quarter of a mile away. She was rising and falling in the ocean swell, and now a breeze sprang up and whipped the surface of the water to choppy seas.

The boat was laboring toward us. In

JASPER By Simpkins



"Now don't go far. It'll be bedtime in two more weeks."

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But for all its usefulness to digestion this agent is still an acid, with an acid's ability to irritate. When too much of it is secreted into the system, the result is often hyper acidity (acid indigestion). Symptoms of this can range from mild gastric discomfort to almost unbearable pain! Now however this discomfort is a thing of the past, thanks to a new discovery known as RECLUE. It was brought to Canada from Norway by a man who had experienced for himself the relief it gives.

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Harold Cottam (centre), wireless operator on Carpathia, testifies at the official probe of the Titanic disaster. Of more than 2,000 passengers only 700 were rescued.

her stern sheets stood a man wearing officer's cap and uniform steering with the tiller. Only four other men were in the boat, each of them with an oar, but rowing feebly as though they were inexperienced and also utterly exhausted. Huddled in the boat were twenty-five women and ten children. As she drifted down toward us the officer sang out, "I can't handle her very well. We have women and children and only one seaman."

Captain Rostron gave me an order: "Go overside with two quartermasters and board her as she comes alongside. Fend her off so that she doesn't bump and be careful that she doesn't capsize."

I hurried with two seamen to the rail of the foredeck, where rope ladders were hung overside. As the boat came alongside we climbed quickly down and sprang onto her thwarts, and by dint of much balancing and fending off succeeded in steadying the boat and dropping her astern to an open side door.

"Where is the Titanic?"

Many of the women and children castaways were seasick from the choppy motion of the boat. All were numbed with cold as most of them were lightly clad. Some were quietly weeping.

As they were in no fit condition to climb up the short Jacob's ladder to the side door, bosun's chairs were lowered, also canvas bags into which we placed the children, and one at a time they were all hauled to safety. They behaved well, waiting their turns to be hauled up to the door.

As we fastened one of the women into a bosun's chair I noticed that she was wearing a nightdress and slippers with a fur coat. Beneath the coat she was nursing what I supposed was a baby, but it was a small pet dog. "Be careful of my doggie," she pleaded, more worried about her pet's safety than her own.

The officer in charge of the lifeboat was a young man, Joseph Boxhall, fourth officer of the Titanic. I took him up to the bridge.

Without preliminaries, Rostron burst out excitedly, "Where is the Titanic?"

"Gone!" said Boxhall. "She sank at 2.20 a.m."

In the moment of stunned silence that followed every man on the bridge of the Carpathia could envisage the appalling reality, but not yet to its fullest extent.

Boxhall added in a voice of desperation, "She was hoodooed from the beginning."

Captain Rostron took the young officer by the arm and said quietly and kindly to him: "Never mind that, mister. Tell me, were all her boats got away safely?"

"I believe so, sir. It was hard to see in the darkness. There were sixteen boats and four collapsibles. Women and children were ordered into the boats. She struck the berg at 11.40. The boats were launched from 12.45 onwards. My boat was cleared away at 1.45, one of the last to be lowered. Many of the boats were only half full. The people wouldn't go into them. They didn't believe she would sink. Hundreds and hundreds were left on board. Perhaps a thousand—perhaps more!" Boxhall's voice broke with emotion.

But even if every lifeboat and raft had cleared the doomed ship loaded to capacity the sinking of the Titanic would still have been a major tragedy. The regulations for lifeboat accommodations, made in 1894 and hopelessly out of date, stipulated that "vessels over ten thousand tons" must carry sixteen lifeboats plus rafts with a capacity of seventy-five percent that of the boats. Thus the 46,000-ton Titanic was compelled by law to provide flotage for only 962 persons, although certified by the British board of trade to carry 3,547 persons. The Titanic actually had lifeboats and rafts for 1,178 persons — and carried 2,207.

As we took the first survivors aboard the Carpathia the increasing daylight revealed dozens of icebergs within our horizon. Among them were four or five big bergs towering two hundred feet above water level. One of these was the one that the Titanic had struck.

On all sides we could see lifeboats making laboriously toward us, some dangerously overcrowded, some half empty. A mile away was a mass of wreckage like an island marking the spot where the Titanic had gone down.

In four and a quarter hours we picked up 703 survivors. After 6 a.m. the Carpathia's deck rails were lined with our own passengers joined by increasing numbers of rescued people anxiously watching each boat arrive. The rescue operations proceeded in a deathly silence. Except for an occasional working order,

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no one was capable of saying anything that would be adequate to the occasion.

The water had a sinister greenish crystal tinge. People lining the decks of the Carpathia stared overside in shocked fascination and horror, for here, a thousand miles from land, the elemental ocean was in truth a watery grave in which, as a quick count and calculation indicated, the lives of fifteen hundred human beings had been extinguished almost without warning — plunged from warmth, light and gaiety to icy doom.

There were bodies floating out there, but in the choppy seas it was almost impossible to sight them, as white life jackets would have an appearance similar to that of the thousands of small pieces of ice or white-painted wreckage.

At 8 a.m., when eight bells were struck, the lookout man's wailing cry of "A-ll's well" resounded like a ghostly, sardonic lamentation, mocking the truth.

I took over the watch on the bridge. It was of no importance that I had gone without sleep all night, like all the other officers and members of the crew. I was keyed up to the tension of action in which fatigue is unnoticed.

Now the morning sunlight rippled on the seas. The last of the Titanic's lifeboats was labouring toward the Carpathia. She was crowded with seventy-five survivors, and her gunwales were within three inches of the water, but a good seaman was at her tiller. He was Charles Lightoller, second officer of the Titanic. He had gone down with the ship and had been picked up by boat number twelve. He had taken command of her and had picked up other survivors. We manoeuvred the Carpathia to windward, and drifted down to him, so that he was able to make fast alongside in our lee and all the people in the boat were got safely on board.

The survivors were given immediate care by our three doctors and by the stewards and passengers. Our first- and second-class passengers and all the officers in the Carpathia gave up their cabins to women and children and moved their belongings below to the third-class cabins.

In the meantime the Titanic's boats were being hauled up to the Carpathia. Our own boats, which were swung out on davits, had not been lowered. They were now returned to the chocks. Six of the Titanic's boats were hoisted up to the Carpathia's foredeck, and seven were carried along overside in davits. This was all that we could conveniently hoist and stow. The others were set adrift.

When Lightoller's boat came alongside, the survivors previously taken on board knew finally the extent of their bereavements. If their loved ones were not in that boat they had perished. At that moment seventy-five of the married women among the survivors, who had dared to cling to hope, had to face the fact that they were widowed and that their children were orphaned. Others learned that a son or a father had gone. The extinction of hope came as a shock too terrible for the relief of weeping. The minds of the bereaved were numbed. There were no words that could comfort them. Anguish was silent. There was no hysteria. There was only a pall of unutterable grief and a dazed staring from eyes of bewildered incredulity.

When the last castaways came on board, Captain Rostron had a difficult decision to make. Should he remain to pick up bodies? Should he proceed through ice to the nearest port, Halifax? Should he continue his voyage and land the survivors at the Azores or Gibraltar? Or should he return to New York, a run of four days, to land them at their originally intended destination, delaying the Carpathia's schedule by eight or nine days?

Or should he make a rendezvous by wireless with the Titanic's sister ship, Olympic, and transfer the survivors to her [illegible] at sea [illegible] with the lifeboats?

It did not take Captain Rostron very long to arrive at the decision to return to New York.

The survivors had suffered more than enough. To remain there to pick up bodies from the sea would have added to the anguish of the widows and orphans and others bereaved. To search for, pick up, identify—and rebury in the sea—fifteen hundred corpses would be a long, agonizing, and ultimately futile procedure.

Among the Carpathia's passengers was an Episcopalian minister. Captain Rostron asked him to conduct divine service in memory of the dead and in thanksgiving for the rescue of the living. This service was held while the Carpathia slowly made a circuit of the island of wreckage which marked the spot where the Titanic had gone down.

The captain gave me an order: "Bear away from the wreckage southwesterly." The Carpathia steamed away toward New York, her flag at half mast, a ship in mourning. ★

This is an excerpt from volume II of Sir James Bisset's memoirs, to be published later by Criterion Books Inc., New York, under the title Tramps and Ladies.

WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE

Successful men in sport, in business and in industry have that uncommon touch that achieves for them their objectives. Here, in the holiday season, are four men who have gathered to celebrate the winning of a trophy. They know they triumphed because each played his part skillfully and their skip made decisions correctly and with foresight.

Perhaps that is why you find Haig & Haig in the picture with men who can't be vague. In ordering Scotch Whisky, they naturally name the brand they know through experience to have singular virtues . . the *original* Scotch flavour and gentleness that in 1627 set the standard for all to follow.

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The mystery of the "mice from the sky"

continued from page 26

"With food abundant in a warm burrow, they'd rushed into the cold salt waves. Why?"

I did not take the stories very seriously—until the day when I had a chance to see some of them for myself. It was early in April when Frank Ryan, the Eskimo postmaster at Unalakleet, told me that lemmings had landed that day on the end of the airstrip.

I hurried out. The black top was covered with less than an inch of new, light snow—too shallow for any lemming to tunnel under without thrusting up a ridge. And there indeed were the mysterious little trails just as the Eskimos had described them. In fifteen places a track began rather faintly, just as if the animal had come down and gently coasted onto the snow. The tracks then continued more deeply and clearly and led all to a clump of grass, where the lemmings evidently had burrowed among the roots.

I had been trying to find some live lemmings ever since I first came to Alaska. Unfortunately I had arrived during the low period of their cycle, and although my need for lemmings had been widely publicized and many people were looking for them, I still had none.

When I saw the tracks out at the airfield I thought my problem was solved. In the morning I'd dig up the grass roots and I felt certain I could find them. But by morning I had a fast-developing case of pneumonia and was bound for Nome and hospital on a mercy plane. When I returned a month later the lemmings had vanished.

Lemming ghost towns

There was new hope, however. An air force major told me there were "thousands" of lemmings on St. Lawrence Island out in the Bering Sea within sight of Siberia. No commercial planes or ships made the trip that summer, but the air force and navy went out and sometimes took civilians who had no other way of getting there. But both services refused my request for a ride. The authorities did not consider the catching of some "mice"—as they persisted in calling lemmings—important enough.

By the end of July I had given up hope of reaching that island. I stopped at the Eskimo hamlet of Shishmaref for a final lemming hunt. The natives had reassuring answers to my questions about lemmings. Hundreds had been seen on the sand dunes—some within the last week. The pilot of my chartered plane left promising to return in a few days, and I hired an Eskimo with a shovel.

The Eskimo, Foster Olanna, led me from the shore to some low mounds of sedges and cotton grass. Everywhere there were crisscross trails, used so recently that the new shoots of grass on the trails showed only as pale yellow tips. The runways led to burrow entrances. Olanna started to dig while I stood poised with a butterfly net to capture the lemmings.

The burrows were intricate passages up to a dozen feet long, all interconnected and with chambers opening off them. In each network one room was used exclusively for the animals' droppings. We excavated a dozen little ghost towns—from which every resident had departed. To go where? Since this was a small island, the only direction the lemmings could have taken was toward the sea—a migration of two hundred yards, but a death march.

Why?

The burrows looked comfortable. The runways led through food that was still abundant. In what way were their lives made intolerable? What seemingly "unnatural" instinct overcame the instinct of self-preservation so that young and old took themselves out of this pleasant place to enter the cold salt waves? Now more than ever I felt that somewhere I must find some live lemmings, study them, and hope they would reveal some hint of the curious impulse that destroyed them.

With my bags on the plane ready to

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leave Shishmaref I went for a short walk. A boat pulled up on the beach and a sailor jumped out "Are you Sally Carrighar?" he asked "We have come to take you to St Lawrence Island"

The Coast Guard cutter Clover was anchored offshore The officers had heard about the woman who wanted lemmings so desperately They had felt that the other services were a little ungallant and had come to my aid

There were signs of a gale as we rode out to the cutter We headed north through waves as big as the cutter itself It took us four days to travel the four hundred miles to the island A radio message was sent ahead asking that some Eskimos be on hand to catch lemmings A report came back that two or three dozen lemmings were caged and waiting in boxes on the beach

We anchored in a turbulent channel Nevertheless an Eskimo boat came alongside and was hoisted on deck The captain said to the natives "We have brought Sally Carrighar to your island to get some lemmings. We hear you have caught some and they're on the beach"

"On the beach all right" said one of the Eskimos Only — not lemmings Little animals run every place on St Lawrence Island Just mice . . ."

Disappointment mingled with embarrassment as I looked around at the faces of all those men who had spent four days bringing me here on their ship

Back at Nome waiting for a taxi on the dock I told my lemming troubles to Arnot Castel a gusty little Frenchman who scampers around the Alaska coast picking up and delivering freight in a small boat

"Let me take you to Barrow!" he urged You can always get lemmings at Barrow!"

I remembered the mountainous seas that have heaved up and dropped the Clover What would Castel's boat do in such waters? I didn't care to find out But I did decide that I would try Barrow first next summer

And at Barrow the most northerly tip of Alaska, I found lemmings On the endless tundra behind the town again with an Eskimo and a shovel I was digging out lemming burrows without glimpsing a single occupant Finally however I returned to the Eskimo home where I was boarding and heard the excited chattering of children Eleven-year-old Joe Ningeok handed me a tin can, and I saw a ball of silky brown fur huddled in the bottom

I put the small creature into the glass and plywood cage I had brought, and watched with almost incredulous wonder this first of my lemmings His fur was so long that it almost dragged when he walked He had a blunt upturned nose ears almost lost in his fur and a half inch white tail fully haired and arched up like a little husky's He wagged it as he examined his new quarters, and had his say about all this with a sweet plaintive chirring

Spurred by Joe's reward the children found five more lemmings Six were all they were able to get although they continued to hunt for the whole month I was there And one had to be turned loose because he was so belligerent that he endangered the others I could only hope fervently that my small colony would breed

I had planned to stay in the Arctic only long enough to get some lemmings into a cage and on to a southbound plane As their importance grew however I wondered whether the difficulty other naturalists had had in keeping lemmings alive could have been due to taking the animals out of their own habitat away from their own kinds of food water hours of daylight, barometric pressure weather relation to the magnetic pole — all those conditions may have more influence on animal lives than we know

Once the thought was raised, there seemed only one thing to do stay at Nome with my lemmings

Within a week I was living in a weather worn house that was everything I did not want—rooms too large and too many too few conveniences the whole house too dilapidated The day I moved in I was too tired to go out to a restaurant so I bought some eggs Perhaps they had been in the store since the previous summer Two exploded at the first tapping and I broke eight before I found one that was edible I decided I didn't want any dinner after all

The moment was rather cheerless. To lighten it I put the eggs into a pan and took them out to a blue-eyed Siberian dog I had seen lying in front of the house He rose as all cautious animals do when approached but he didn't come forward I put the pan down and he lapped up the eggs

A few days later the dog—his name was Bobo—walked over and stood in front of me at my open front door his eyes even more intense than usual An Eskimo who was working nearby called out "I think that dog smell your sky mice" The sky mice The priceless lemmings!

"No Bobo—no!" I cried and jumped up and went inside closing the door behind me

The lemmings soon were proving every day that anyone who hopes to learn about the way animals live in the wilds also needs to keep them for a time as captives. Out in the woods and fields everything happens so fast that what one observer may see is chancy and many small, fascinating details may easily be missed

On the vast expanse of the tundra, for example how could I have noted in my diary the following encounter between two of the six-inch creatures?

"Alliak the first lemming found was given a separate box yesterday Today I put Eklasook the one with the bright red-brown fur with him They ran to each other and caressed with their soft cushiony noses. I was gone an hour When I came back Eklasook was asleep under some grass Alliak was sitting up grooming the fur on shoulders and head so that it stood on end and made his head look like a tiny lion's. Then he ran to Eklasook They cuddled and slept A pair?"

A cabinet maker in Nome constructed permanent quarters for my lemming colony a glass-sided box to one end of which was attached the activity wheel I had brought from San Francisco They ran on the wheel and I could measure the distance they covered each day The cage was at eye level when I was reading or typing I could look up and watch

---

I'm not ready

As a birthday of mine draws near
I cannot say that I care for it
What I'd like for my birthday this year
Is a few more years to prepare for it!

MAY RICHSTONE

Five feet of Barracuda [illegible] American skin diver Jim Thorne [illegible]

Another adventure
in one of the 87 lands
where Canadian Club is
"The Best in The House"

Barracuda puts crimp in sunken treasure hunt

"Most skin-divers laugh off the barracuda as harmless, but a 'harmless' 'cuda gave me some anxious moments," writes Jim Thorne, a friend of Canadian Club. "With fellow diver Art McKee, I was probing an old wreck on a Florida reef. Art had proof of treasure down there. The barracuda were just curious, nothing to worry about. Or so we thought. When we found treasure, I discovered how unpredictable a 'cuda can be. Probably attracted by the glitter of gold in Art's hand, one of the big fish rushed him. Startled, he dropped the doubloons. And a lucky thing. The 'cuda veered to follow the coins and missed Art. We hastily swam up to the yacht where another kind of treasure awaited us . . . Canadian Club! That was no surprise, for I find Canadian Club most everywhere I travel."

Why has this whisky a worldwide popularity? It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club yourself and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.

Gold Doubloons found by [illegible] treasure diver Art McKee (left) lures skin diver Jim Thorne down for look-see

Glint of Gold [illegible] McKee [illegible] barracuda. McKee dropped the gold fast

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their activities at close range Into the cage we put soil dried grass moss and small pieces of driftwood which lemmings nibble no doubt for the salt and on which they endlessly run and climb I stored in an upstairs room quantities of natural materials for the winter months several barrels of dried grass a stock of driftwood sticks a cubic yard of earth

The new vivarium had no more been set up than Eklasook produced the hoped for increase in the colony As soon as I put her into the new cage she began making a nest with frenzied urgency She was unusually irritable attacking the other lemmings and seeming half mad with tension I moved her back into the old cage Quickly she dug out a new burrow and carried quantities of nest material into it To watch her work one would say she had only minutes to finish the job Then she disappeared By the next morning there were tiny squeaks from her cage They continued all day

Infant lemmings must be among the world's most appealing creatures When only an inch long they are fully formed and proportioned Eklasook had eight, the same number as her teats and a minimum litter When they were two weeks old I made these notes

"The small ones are tremendously busy digging burrows and every night rearranging them They are also great climbers They have many little peaceful encounters the mild wrestling, nose to nose typical of the adults they all return to their mother frequently for reassurance As an experiment I put two of the young in the cage of adults They nosed up to the large lemmings in what seemed no aggressive way but the adults treated them well."

By late October, when I'd had the lemmings for three or four months I thought I could detect clues to lemming characteristics that might explain why lemmings migrate but nothing more by that time than the faintest suggestions However enough had happened so that the project seemed well worth while, even though my personal living conditions grew worse with every week.

The autumn storms had begun the crashing violence of the world's worst weather For a few nights I was afraid the house was haunted. Then I wished it would be. The empty rooms would have seemed more sociable if ghosts shared them One night as I entered the house the rooms seemed larger darker and lonelier than ever before I sat down and took a long look at a certainty that kept turning into a question

It concerned Bobo The certainty was that I couldn't possibly have a dog in the same house with the lemmings Yet I knew that I needed his company

In the morning I went next door and discussed the matter with Bobo's owner who was soon returning south "I would love to have Bobo if you have decided definitely you aren't going to take him Outside But I have to keep my lemmings alive because they are the reason I am here Do you think Bobo would attack them?"

"On a trail he would" she answered decisively

We decided to try him in the house. We tied a rope to his collar and both held it When we entered the room and Bobo could see the lemmings behind the glass he went nearly mad with excitement He reared on his hind legs and tried to jump for the cage With difficulty we led Bobo out It was a sad day for all of us

Next day I had to tell his owner "I haven't been able to think of any way I could have Bobo"

At these words Bobo rose He stood motionless Tension was gripping us all Suddenly his self-confidence melted. Rushing forward he shrank tight against me as a terrified child would As a last resort the proud dog would appeal for protection he sensed the emergency I said Now somehow I'll have to take him

The solution to the lemming problem had presented itself I would chain Bobo inside the house when he was at home The chain would allow him to come from the kitchen into the studio where I worked. There he would be close to the couch where I slept at night he were lonely—but he could never go nearer than five feet to the lemmings.

Bobo scratched on my door at dusk. As he entered the kitchen I snapped the chain onto his collar He did not move, but looked at me with such anger such an expression of outrage, that my words of greeting failed in my throat

I set out dishes of food and water Bobo walked past them as if they—and I—didn't exist He went into the studio dragging the chain Amazingly he was ignoring the lemmings He had not even glanced their way The evening grew late I dreaded to switch off the lights In a kind of despairing fear, finally, I put them out

At daybreak Bobo pulled his chain to the door and I let him out It seemed doubtful that he would come back yet at dinnertime he was there The evening's events repeated those of the night before the chain the rejected food the elaborate indifference to the lemmings, the refusal to acknowledge that I was there A week passed with no change in our routine

The weather outside turned into a full-scale raging blizzard The snowplow crews gave up The oil trucks no longer could make their rounds. The kitchen cupboard showed distressing gaps, but there was plenty of meat A hunter had given me a hindquarter of moose and the day the storm started I had bought several pounds of hamburger (at $1.50 a pound) to see whether Bobo's hunger strike could be broken It turned out that he scorned the hamburger but couldn't resist the moose meat. I ate the hamburger

One evening about eight o'clock I unsnapped Bobo's chain. He didn't look up He showed no surprise But he slowly rose and with dignity walked to the door—on the way passing within two feet of the lemmings cage and not even turning his head When he returned he ignored the lemmings again, lay down with a deep sigh relaxed and soon was asleep I too relaxed for the first time in weeks I had a dog now that could be left alone with the lemmings quite safely

They hate to be crowded

I was able to concentrate on finishing my book about arctic wildlife Over the several months of watching and keeping records several facts had developed that could have a bearing on a few of the unanswered questions concerning lemmings

There was a great variation in their activity or as it seemed their nervous tension their restlessness The weather might be an influence but more definitely so was the phase of the moon I had long known that I was apt to have migraine headaches near the time of full moon and here were my little lemmings, nearly going mad for exactly the same two or three days They fought so frequently that I had to keep a tub of water in which I could put them to calm them

But it was the number of miles run on the wheel that furnished conclusive proof Normally they would run about nine miles a day but half again as far just before the earth came into line between sun and moon Since those conflicting pulls are strong enough to cause maximum tides it would not be surprising if they could be felt by living creatures If the lemmings periodic frenzy were intense enough one of those times it might set off a migration.

But why would they not simply run around aimlessly near their nests—why leave their familiar environment? I had a clue to that too my lemmings could not tolerate more than a certain degree of crowding

Again and again I tried putting more and fewer of them into the big glass cage In that space four would live with little discord except when the moon was full If I introduced one more lemming all five became desperate Six or seven so disturbed one another that I never dared leave that many together for long But even so two were killed in fights

Since the lemming population increases phenomenally every three or four years it may be that they reach a number intolerable to them and they try to escape from the crowding that so offends them When lemmings do migrate they have an impulse to run *down* If they were attempting to get away from one another but were all running down they would run together Down the folds in the hills down gulleys, down valleys their direction would take them at last to the sea That they would cross rivers easily in their flight was evident from their skill as they swam in my tub And the ocean would look to them only like another very wide river

Perhaps no one will ever know positively the reason why lemmings do migrate to the coast line and drown but I had found with my little colony what to me was a satisfactory explanation

I never did find though the explanation to one final enigma of the lemmings Toward the end of my studies there were four lemmings left in the upstairs room running about spinning their wheel chirring Then from a certain day on there was complete silence

With the help of some Eskimo boys I cleaned out the room We sifted the earth in which they had burrowed almost stalk by stalk we removed the grass they had not eaten, we took out the driftwood one piece at a time No lemmings were there They were just gone—a fact to be added to the rest of the lemming mysteries ★

This is an excerpt from Wild Voice of the North to be published soon by Doubleday and Company

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]

Monty versus Ike continued from page 19

"He has never commanded anything before in his whole career," Monty said of Ike. "He doesn't know how"

ing. A discussion as to the unsatisfactory state of affairs in France where Ike however completely fails as Commander. Bedell Smith lives back in Paris quite out of touch; as a result the war is drifting in a rudderless condition. Had a long and despondent letter about it from Montgomery."

In the letter Brooke had received from Montgomery the latter reported that he had not seen nor spoken to Eisenhower on the telephone since October 18th and had only met him four times since the end of the Normandy campaign. "He is at a forward headquarters at Rheims," he wrote. "The directives he issues from there have no relation to the practical necessities of the battle. It is quite impossible for me to carry out my present orders. ... Eisenhower should himself take a proper control of operations or he should appoint someone else to do this. If we go drifting along as at present we are merely playing into the enemy's hands and the war will go on indefinitely.

"He has never commanded anything before in his whole career; now, for the first time, he has elected to take direct command of very large-scale operations and he does not know how to do it.

"The Germans," he continued, "are bound to bring divisions to the western front from Norway, from the Russian front and from elsewhere. ... Bradley tells me the American ammunition situation is going to be worse and his allotment is already being scaled down. The reason is that the Pacific theatre is now coming to the fore and ammunition has to be diverted there. The Americans have not enough ammunition to give adequate amounts to two theatres — both going at full blast. So the urgency to finish the German war quickly is very great."

The only way Montgomery thought to achieve this was "to concentrate great strength at some selected place and hit the Germans a colossal crack, and have ready the fresh divisions to exploit the success gained." The question was what was he himself to do? "I put the whole matter to Eisenhower early in October. He did not agree and I told him that so far as I was concerned the matter was closed — and he would hear no more from me on the subject. A month has passed since then and I am getting rather alarmed. I think we are drifting into dangerous waters."

The C.I.G.S. (Brooke) replied: "Without any hesitation I would advise you (a) not to approach Eisenhower for the present (b) remain silent now unless Eisenhower opens the subject.

"I feel pretty certain that the results of the current offensive will provide us with sufficient justification for requesting the American Chiefs of Staff to reconsider the present Command organization and the present strategy on the Western Front. We shall within the next week or fortnight have ample proof of the inefficiency of the present setup and this will justify our making the strongest representations to Washington.

"I feel certain that in view of the American preponderance in strength they will insist on any Land Commander appointed being American. I do not think that either politically or militarily we can resist this claim. This being so do you consider that Bradley is fit for the job? Meanwhile don't open the matter with Ike again."

Montgomery sent a further letter: "Within the American armies they seem to have a curious idea that every Army Commander must have an equal and fair share of the battle. ... I do not believe we shall ever get a Land Commander. I have offered in writing to serve under Bradley but it is no use. Ike is determined to do it himself.

"I suggest the answer is this:

"1. Ike seems determined to show that he is a great general in the field. Let him do so and let us all lend a hand to pull him through.

"2. The theatre divides itself naturally into two fronts—one north of the Ardennes and one south.

"3. I should command north of the Ardennes and Bradley south of the Ardennes.

"4. Ike should command the two fronts from a suitable tactical headquarters."

Brooke did not agree and replied: "Frankly I don't think much of your plan. You have always told me and I have agreed with you that Ike was no commander, that he had no strategic vision, was incapable of making a plan or of running operations when started.

"Now you state that 'This solution would solve all problems. Ike would allot forces to each front as demanded by his plan.' How is he to do this if he can't make a plan? Further, he must decide on his strategic plan now, lay down objectives, allot resources, and so on. Is that not exactly what he has up to date proved himself incapable of doing? And again, 'Bradley and myself then carry on and Ike co-ordinates as necessary.' Can you see Ike judging between the requirements of the two fronts, overriding American clamor for their Commanders being in charge of the main thrusts, etc., etc.?" I said.

"Furthermore you are asking for the command of the northern group. You must remember that you have repeatedly affirmed that the northern line of advance is the one and only that has any chance of success.

"You are therefore proposing yourself for the one and only front that can play any major part in the Western offensive on Germany. Have you considered whether you are likely to be very acceptable in American eyes for this command? I have grave doubts.

"Now Weeks informs me of a new plot by which you are contemplating re-opening the matter with Ike by asking him whether he has any objections to your doing so? As I told you in my letter I think you are wrong in doing so.

"I should now like a reply from you by return telling me exactly what you are doing and how you reconcile your new plan with everything you have said up to date."

That night Alanbrooke wrote in his diary: "At the end of the morning's C.O.S. meeting I put before the meeting my views on the very unsatisfactory state of affairs in France with no one running the land battle. Eisenhower, though supposed to be doing so, is on the golf links at Rheims — entirely detached and taking practically no part in running of the war. Matters got so bad lately that a deputation of Whiteley, Bedell Smith and a few others went up to tell him that he must get down to it and RUN the war, which he said he would.

"We discussed the advisability of getting Marshall to come out to discuss the matter but we are doubtful if he would appreciate the situation. Finally decided that I am to see the P.M. to discuss the situation with him.

"November 28th. I went to see the P.M. I told him I was very worried. I said that this last offensive could only be classified as the first strategic reverse that we had suffered since landing in France. I said that in my mind two main factors were at fault, i.e., (a) American strategy (b) American organization. As regards the strategy the American conception of always attacking all along the front irrespective of strength available was sheer madness. In the present offensive we had attacked on six Army fronts without any reserves anywhere. As regards organization I said I did not consider that Eisenhower could command both as Supreme Commander and as Commander of the Land Forces at the same time. Winston said that he also was worried about the Western Front but was doubtful as to the necessity for a Land Forces Commander. I think I succeeded in pointing out that we must take control out of Eisenhower's hands, and the best plan was to repeat what we did in Tunisia when we brought in Alex as a Deputy to Eisenhower to command the Land Forces for him. I told Winston that the only way of putting things right was to get Marshall to come over. We'll wait a few more days before doing so."

The offensive which Eisenhower had ordered in October, which Patton had anticipated by his attacks south of the Ardennes and which Bradley, after waiting a fortnight for the weather to clear, had launched on a far too wide front in mid-November, was now petering out. Except for the capture of the Metz forts, it had achieved nothing. After a fortnight's struggle in drenched fields and quagmires, the Siegfried Line remained unbreached. As Montgomery had warned Eisenhower when he refused to concentrate, the Western Allies were now in a "single strait jacket." They were bogged down and reduced to the trench war it had always been their object to avoid. Until spring dried the ground and reinforcements from America could again tip the scales in their favor they were back where their predecessors had been in the days of Gamelin and the Maginot Line.

All this Montgomery proceeded to rub in when Eisenhower visited him on November 28th. That night he reported to Alanbrooke:

"Ike visited me today and we have had

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a very long talk. I put following points to him:

"1st. That the plan contained in his last directive had failed and we had in fact suffered a strategic reverse. He agreed.

"2nd. That we must now prepare a new plan and in that plan we must get away from the doctrine of attacking all along front and must concentrate our resources on selected vital thrust. He agreed.

"3rd. That it seemed a pity he did not have Bradley as Land Forces Commander to take off him the work of running the operations on land. He did not repeat not agree.

"4th. That the theatre was divided naturally by Ardennes into two definite fronts.

"5th. That I should command north of the Ardennes and Bradley south. He considered there would be difficulties about this as main objective lay in northern zone. But he said he would be quite prepared to put a strong army group under Bradley north of the Ardennes and to put Bradley under my operational command thus putting me in operational charge north of the Ardennes."

"We talked for three hours in a most friendly way and I proved to him that we had definitely failed and must make new plan and next time we must quite definitely not (repeat not) fail. He admitted a grave mistake had been made and in my opinion is prepared to go almost any length to succeed next time. Hence his own suggestions I should be in full operational command north of the Ardennes with Bradley under me and 6 Army Group in a holding role in south."

In a further telegram next morning Montgomery added: "Had a further talk with Ike this morning and there is no doubt our discussion last night has left him worried and ill at ease. He thought he and Bradley between them could do the business, and he now understands clearly that they made a very grave error and the net result is complete failure to do what was intended. When I suggested last night that Bradley would be suitable as Land Force Commander under him he definitely shied right off it and it is my impression this morning that he thinks Bradley has failed him. There is no doubt he is now very anxious to go back to the old setup we had in Normandy and put Bradley under my operational command. In fact he now definitely wants me to handle main business but wants Bradley to be in on it and therefore he will put him under me. In my opinion Ike will never agree to appointment of a Land Force Commander for whole front as he wants to do this himself. If he reverts to the system we had in Normandy it means that I shall in reality be in operational charge and be able to influence whole land battle by direct approach to Ike myself."

Montgomery on the 30th sent Eisenhower a letter which crossed the t's and dotted the i's of what he supposed to be their agreement:

"My dear Ike,

"In order to clear my own mind I would like to confirm the main points that were agreed on during the conversations we had during your stay with me on Tuesday night.

"We have definitely failed to implement the plan contained in the SHAEF directive of 28 October. We have therefore failed; and we have suffered a strategic reverse. We require a new plan. And this time *we must not fail*.

"In the new plan we must get away from the doctrine of attacking in so many places that nowhere are we strong enough to get decisive results. We must concentrate such strength on the main selected thrust that success will be certain.

"The theatre divides itself naturally into two fronts: one north of the Ardennes and one south of the Ardennes. I did suggest that you might consider having a Land Force Commander to work under you and run the land battle for you. But you discarded this idea as being not suitable and we did not discuss it any more. You suggested that a better solution would be to put 12 Army Group and 21 Army Group both north of the Ardennes, and to put Bradley under my operational command.

"I said that Bradley and I together are a good team. We worked together in Normandy under you and we won a great victory. Things have not been so good since you separated us. I believe to be certain of success you want to bring us together again; and one of us should have the full operational control north of the Ardennes; and if you decide that I should do that work — that is O.K. by me.

Yours ever,
B. L. Montgomery."

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Entry from Alanbrooke's diary: "December 4th. ... I went to Winston. He said he did not want anybody between Ike and the Army Groups, as Ike was a good fellow who was amenable and whom he could influence. Bradley, on the other hand might not listen to what he said! I replied that I could see little use in having an 'amenable' Commander if he was unfit to win the war for him."

Meanwhile the conference with the Supreme Commander that Montgomery had proposed had taken place. It had been preceded by a further exchange of correspondence. The British commander's letter had not only made the position crystal clear; it had made Eisenhower very angry. For all his good nature the Supreme Commander was a tough "West Pointer" and could never have reached his position otherwise. However acquiescent he may have seemed when he was Montgomery's guest, when confronted with his letter he indignantly rejected the description of the autumn campaign as a "strategic reverse." "You have stated," he replied, "your conception of the points that were agreed upon during our conversation, whereas there are certain things in your letter in which I do not concur. ... I do not agree that things have gone badly since Normandy, merely because we have not gained all we hoped to gain. ... I have no intention of stopping Devers's and Patton's operations. ... I beg of you not to continue to look upon the past performances of this great fighting force as a failure because we have not achieved all that we would have hoped."

Genuinely fond of Eisenhower like everyone who served under him, Montgomery had been quick to assure him that he had never said or intended any such thing but had been relating only to the failure of the November offensive. Whereupon, with characteristic generosity, the Supreme Commander had replied:

"You have my prompt and abject apologies for misreading your letter. ... I do not want to put words or meanings into your mouth or ever do anything that upsets our close relationship."

Yet, despite their personal cordiality, Montgomery's meeting with Eisenhower and his other principal subordinates, Bradley and Tedder, proved a failure. After receiving the Supreme Commander's apology he had optimistically telegraphed Brooke asking him to leave matters to him. But after the conference he wrote to him in despair: "Eisenhower has obviously been got at by the American generals; he reversed his opinion on all major points on which he had agreed when he visited me on the 28th Nov. ... I personally regard the whole thing as quite dreadful. I can see no good coming out of this business. Eisenhower and Bradley have their eyes firmly fixed on Frankfurt. We shall split our resources and our strength and we shall fail."

As always Montgomery had pleaded for concentration and the building up of powerful striking reserves at a single point for an early spring offensive in the north against the Ruhr and the open Hanover plains beyond. "Once the war becomes mobile that is the end of the Germans." But though they had parted on the friendliest note, Eisenhower and his companions had remained unmoved by the British commander in chief's pleas. Their contention was that the broad-front winter offensive was paying dividends, that though costly and immediately unspectacular in results it was wearing the enemy down and that, as the Allies' only objective was to kill Germans, it did not matter where they did it. Like the "Westerners" of First World War legend, they put their faith in attrition. "I played a lone hand against the three of them," Montgomery concluded; "they all arrived today and went away together. It is therefore fairly clear that any points I made which caused Eisenhower to wobble will have been put right by Bradley and Tedder on the three-hour drive back to Luxembourg. ... I can do no more myself. ... If we want the war to end within any reasonable period you have to get Eisenhower's hand taken off the land battle. I regret to say that in my opinion he just doesn't know what he is doing. And you will have to see that Bradley's influence is curbed."

Yet though the Western Allies had temporarily lost the initiative, the stalemate was about to be broken by a greater optimist than Eisenhower. By his fanatical refusal to yield ground Hitler had already allowed the Western Allies to destroy two great German armies — one in Tunisia in 1943 and the other in Normandy in 1944 — as he had enabled the Russians to destroy another at Stalingrad and blockade another in the Baltic provinces. Ever since his reprieve in September he had been husbanding the new army of young fanatics he had raised by his drastic autumn call-up, not to create the central defensive reserve which, with his foes closing in from east and west, was Germany's supreme need, but to form the wherewithal for a second *blitzkrieg* which should do against the Americans and British what its predecessor had done against the French and British in 1940.

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MONTY AND BROOKE inspect German prisoners on the Italian front in 1943

it all. And because he despised the Americans and believed them to be more likely to break under such a blow than the Russians he had resolved to leave the Eastern front to look after itself and make his desperate bid for victory in the West.

Hitler's object was to drive a wedge between the two main halves of the Anglo-American forces on either side of the Ardennes and, by striking from there at the point of maximum potential confusion, where the Americans and British forces joined, to reach Brussels and Antwerp in the latter's rear, encircle and this time destroy them. Once the Western Allies had been driven from the Continent his new submarines, jet fighters and rockets would force their discredited statesmen to sue for peace. With Russia left to face the uninterrupted might of a revived Reich, the end of the Coalition would follow.

In view of Germany's unbroken defeats of the past two years and the enormous Allied preponderance in the air and in war material, it all seemed the wildest fantasy. Yet with less than seventy American and British divisions on the Continent and with their forces — exhausted by their non-stop offensives and deployed for yet another double thrust — so strung out as to be without reserves at all, a repetition of 1940 was just conceivable.

Montgomery's telegram, which Brooke received that morning, had begun — from one who was the reverse of an alarmist — with the ominous words: "The situation in American area is not-not good." After naming the points to which the enemy had penetrated, it went on: "In the First Army north of line Echternach to Durbuy there is great confusion. There is a definite lack of grip and control and no one has a clear picture as to situation. There is an atmosphere of great pessimism in First and Ninth Armies due, I think, to the fact that everyone knows something has gone wrong and no one knows what or why. Bradley is still at Luxembourg but I understand he is moving as his headquarters are in danger. I have no information as to where he is moving. I presume Ike is at Rheims but I have heard nothing from him or Bradley. I have myself had no orders or requests of any sort. My own opinion is that the American forces have been cut clean in half and the Germans can reach the Meuse at Namur without any opposition. The Command setup has always been very faulty and now is quite futile, with Bradley at Luxembourg and the front cut in two. I have told Whiteley that Ike ought to place me in operational command of all troops on the northern half of the front. I consider he should be given a direct order by someone to do so. This situation needs to be handled very firmly and with a tight grip."

By this time, however, on the advice of Bedell Smith and despite Bradley's protests, Eisenhower had already acted as Montgomery wished. Following a brief message on the previous day to the Combined Chiefs of Staff, whose purport Alanbrooke had communicated in his telegram, he contacted the British commander on the morning of the 20th by telephone. "He was very excited," Montgomery reported, "and it was difficult to understand what he was talking about; he roared into the telephone, speaking very fast. The only point I really grasped was that 'it seems to me we have now two fronts' and that I was to assume command of the northern front. This was all I wanted to know. He then went on talking wildly about other things. I could not hear, and said so; at last the line cut out before he finished." Later in the day Eisenhower also gave the news by telephone to the Prime Minister at Downing Street.

Montgomery wasted no time in assuming control of the cut-off American forces. In a telegram to Brooke that night he described how, within two hours of his talk with Eisenhower, he visited the commanders of the First and Ninth Armies. A British officer who was present said that he strode into Hodges' H.Q. "like Christ come to cleanse the temple." "Neither Army Commander," he reported to Brooke, "had seen Bradley or any of his staff since the battle began. There were no reserves anywhere behind front. Morale was very low. They seemed delighted to have someone give them firm orders." These took the form of an immediate reorganization of the front in order to form a reserve of three divisions. "All bridges over the Meuse," Mont-

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gomery added "From south-east of Liege to north-east of Givet are now held by British garrisons . . . I have every hope the situation can be put right now. It will take a day or two to get Americans front reorganized and in better shape and we may have a few more shocks before that is completed . . . But it is necessary to realize that there was literally no control or grip of any sort of the situation and we shall never do any good so long as that goes on."

"The American armies in the north," Montgomery wrote subsequently, "were in a complete muddle. Bradley had not visited either army since the attack began; the army commanders did what they thought best."

Calamity acted on Eisenhower like a restorative and brought out all the greatness in his character. It was he who, as soon as the news of defeat reached him, overruled Bradley, halted the offensive south of the Moselle and ordered Patton to march north against the Germans' flank, who threw in the two airborne divisions — his sole reserve — to hold Bastogne and the Meuse crossings, who opened a conference of his senior commanders with the words, "I want only cheerful faces," and declared that the situation should be regarded as one not of disaster but opportunity.

On December 23rd, the blanket of cloud and fog over the confused battlefield lifted and the allied air forces went into the attack. While Montgomery, restraining the impatience of his American subordinates, waited until he had built up an adequate striking force and steadily edged the German columns away from the Meuse crossings south-westward where they could do no harm, thousands of bombers and fighters battered Rundstedt's armour and communications and made his supply position, always precarious, impossible. Thanks to the American fighting man's tenacity and the British commander-in-chief's prescience, the Panzers never reached the Allied petrol dumps where they were to have refueled for the final drive across the Belgian plain and, for lack of oil, ground slowly to a standstill in the snow-clad foothills to the south and east of the Meuse. By the 26th, though in sight of the river, their advance was at an end. Hitler's eleventh hour throw for victory had failed.

Entry from Brooke's diary:

"January 8th. Monty's offensive seems to be progressing very favourably.

"Had to go round to P.M. at 10.30 p.m. He was in bed when I arrived, sipping coffee, drinking brandy and smoking a cigar. We discussed all the evils of Monty's press interview which resulted in a call to Eisenhower."

Whatever the repercussions in America of this press conference of Montgomery's, its effect on the American generals was anything but happy. On January 6th the Field Marshal had sent a private telegram to the Prime Minister telling him that he was proposing next day to explain to British and American correspondents how, during the Battle of the Ardennes, the whole Allied team, throwing national considerations overboard, had rallied to the call and how Allied solidarity had saved the situation. "I shall stress," he wrote, "the great friendship between myself and Ike and tell them that I myself have an American identity card and am identified in the Army of the United States, my fingerprints being registered in the War Department at Washington." To which, with characteristic enthusiasm, Churchill replied that he thought that what the Field Marshal proposed would be invaluable.

Yet when next day Montgomery, in his usual categorical manner, did as he proposed, the impression his words made on the by now hypersensitive American commanders was that he had single-handedly rescued a shattered American Army from the consequences of their inexperience and folly. His account — followed though it was by praise of the Supreme Commander and the American fighting men — of how he had tidied up the battlefield in "one of the most interesting and tricky operations he had ever handled" infuriated Bradley and Eisenhower's staff. As Montgomery himself admitted afterwards, it was probably a mistake "to have held the conference at all."

On January 20th all was in the melting pot again. On that day an alarmed Montgomery reported to Alanbrooke that Bradley was once more "going off on his own line" and that, "instead of one firm, clear and decisive plan, there was great indecision and patchwork."

"Both Ike and Bradley are emphatic that we should not cross the Rhine in

MONTY AND BRADLEY after the Normandy landing. The British commander later told his boss, "You will have to see that Bradley's influence is curbed."

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strength anywhere until we are lined up along its entire length from Nijmegen to Switzerland. If we work on this plan we shall take a long time to get anywhere."

Montgomery wired the C.I.G.S. on the 22nd: "I fear that the old songs of indecision and vacillation and refusal to consider the military problem fairly and squarely are coming to the front again. ... The real trouble is that there is no control and the three army groups are each intent on their own affairs. Patton today issued a stirring order to Third Army saying the next stop would be Cologne. ... One has to preserve a sense of humor these days, otherwise one would go mad."

Entry from Alanbrooke's diary: "February 2nd. Malta.

"After the meeting Winston asked me to stay on to discuss with him and the President and Marshall the proposal for Alexander to replace Tedder. The President and Marshall considered that politically such a move might have repercussions in America if carried out just now. It might be considered that Alex was being put in to support Ike after the Ardennes failure. They were, however, quite prepared to accept this change in about six weeks' time after further offensive operations will have been started and the Ardennes operation more forgotten."

"Feb. 20. I had to go to Winston at 2.45 to discuss Eisenhower's last letter in which he proposes to employ Alex in the back areas if he comes to him as a Deputy."

In Montgomery's view this rendered unnecessary the change in the Command setup and the appointment of an over-all Ground Commander for which he had pleaded so urgently before Christmas. The expedient of calling in Alexander as Deputy Supreme Commander in Tedder's place, which Churchill and Brooke had discussed with Roosevelt and Marshall at Malta, no longer appealed to him. For the rumor of it had distressed his friend Eisenhower and made the latter suspect he was intriguing against him. "I am sorry this was said at Malta," Montgomery wrote in his diary that night. "It got back to Ike very quickly and was no doubt attributed to me. He is such an awfully decent chap and I hate to see him upset." He had therefore assured him that he regarded the present command setup as wholly satisfactory and did not want it changed. Whereupon, delighted at having his formidable lieutenant's backing, Eisenhower had written to the Prime Minister that if Alexander was appointed in Tedder's place he could only allow him to handle such routine matters as administration in the rear areas."

"March 5th. Rheims. Ike's A.D.C. drove me up to Ike's H.Q. There I found Ike with Bradley and had a long talk with him about the war in general. Bradley remained for lunch, and P.M. turned up shortly before lunch. I got Ike alone for a bit and told him that if he had strong feelings about Alex not coming as his deputy, he should let the P.M. know. Apparently he is afraid that the introduction of Alexander would upset the outfit. Monty had also expressed the same opinion."

"March 6th. Back to London. Breakfast with Ike and another long talk with him. There is no doubt that he is a most attractive personality and, at the same time, a very, very limited brain from a strategic point of view. This comes out the whole time in all conversations with him. His relations with Monty are quite insoluble; he only sees the worst side of Monty and cannot appreciate the better side. Things are running smoothly for the present, but this cannot last, and I foresee trouble ahead before long. For all that, to insert Alex now is only likely to lead to immediate trouble for all, I gather. The war may not last long now and possibly matters may run smoothly till the end. Therefore, I feel that it is best to leave Alex where he is. I think that Winston is now of the same opinion."

Brooke's advice to drop the project for changing the Deputy Supreme Commander was taken. Three days after his return to England Churchill wrote to Alexander to tell him that as Montgomery had now declared himself in perfect accord with SHAEF it seemed better to leave him in the Mediterranean where the Greek situation, the delicate relations with Tito and the Yugoslav partisans and the possibility of a new offensive in Italy all made his presence as Supreme Commander essential. "I know," he wrote "that you will adhere to your becoming attitude of serving wherever you are ordered and discharging whatever duties are assigned to you." To which Alexander replied: "You already know that my only wish is to serve where I am most useful and feeling that way I am well content." ★

Eisenhower: "Completely right"
Alanbrooke: "Completely wrong"

"On page 372 of Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* he refers to a conversation which took place between us. According to him, when we stood together on the bank of the Rhine on March 25th, 1945, I said to him: 'Thank God, Ike, you stuck by your plan. You were completely right and I am sorry if my fear of dispersed effort added to your burdens. The German is now licked. It is merely a question of when he chooses to quit. Thank God you stuck by your guns.' When this statement is considered in connection with what I wrote in my diary that evening, it will be clear that I was misquoted. To the best of my memory I congratulated him heartily on his success and said that, as matters had turned out, his policy was now the correct one; that, with the German in his defeated condition, no dangers now existed in a dispersal of effort. I am quite certain that I never said to him 'You were completely right,' as I am still convinced that he was completely wrong."—ALANBROOKE

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The Fraser, six hundred miles of savage force

continued from page 23

"It roars like an ocean storm but ocean storms peter out and the Fraser's roar goes on forever"

pools so fierce that a log going down it may circle the same spot for days as though caught in a liquid merry-go-round. It roars like an ocean storm but ocean storms peter out and the Fraser's roar is forever.

This is the most remorseless form of nature in Canada and its effect on the person who travels beside it is strange. As you drive north in your car you twist for hour after hour around one hairpin bend after another. Some of these curves around abutments of the cliff can turn the knees of a height-shy traveler to water. I am glad that I was able to travel from Lytton to Lillooet before the road was made a super highway past Yale, past Spuzzum and Boston Bar, up through Lytton to Lillooet this curving highway takes you sometimes through little tunnels in the cliff itself, once or twice in a hairpin twist with an unguarded edge and a drop of thousands of feet straight down—the road is as exciting as the river itself. You remember that in some of those towns, now quiet and half alive, thousands of desperate men used to live as dangerously as soldiers in war when they panned this river for gold. A little beyond Lytton the road leaves the river and if you wish to follow the water you must leave your car and take to the Pacific Great Eastern railway. Miles to the north the road and the river join once more at Macalister.

All this time and all these miles the Fraser has been working on you. Sometimes you are so close to the water that its yellow malevolence boils into your subconscious but most of the time you are so high that it seems as static as it does from the air. It is perpetually the same, perpetually yellow and perpetually an intruder into that gigantic scene. Almost never does it seem to belong where it is. Yet it is there, and after you have spent several days beside it the Fraser intrudes into yourself also and you are apt to see it in your sleep.

The Fraser River, which seems absolutely hostile to man and to all his works, has been as important to British Columbia as the St. Lawrence has been to Quebec. This is another of the wonderful facts about it. In his classic book on the river Bruce Hutchison argues that the Fraser has practically created the province. So in a sense it has, but in a manner awe-inspiring to people from gentler regions.

Fraser salmon, which supported an Indian culture long before the white man came, today gives British Columbia a richer fishing industry than that of the three Maritime provinces combined. The life-cycle of the sockeye salmon is one of those natural dramas so suggestive that the very symbolism of it cuts too close to the human jugular for comfort. Everyone knows about the fish ladders at Hell's Gate, about the river literally bulging with life when the big runs come in, about the tributaries turning blood-red as the fish rush in while giving life to a new generation, about the bears that wade into the shallows to net them, about the males fighting with each other for the privilege of death beside the females of that climax, about the stench that pollutes the wilderness when the bodies decompose. In the upper reaches the salmon are too far gone in the death process to be eaten by humans, and the great catches are made in the sea when they are bright and strong swimming into the estuary or in the lowermost reaches near Mission before the final death-rush begins.

Fraser gold discovered in 1858 produced an epic of suffering worse even than the record of the Klondike. Terrible though the Chilkoot was it was not so cruel as the Fraser whirlpools down which those heroic fools tried to flounder on rafts. The amount of gold taken out of the sand bars and lodes at Yale, Boston Bar, Barkerville and up the Thompson and Lillooet was trivial compared to the suffering and heroism that paid for it, nor were the individual fortunes more permanent than gold rush fortunes anywhere else.

But the Fraser gold had two by-products of infinite importance. The rush to the gold carried thousands of disappointed miners down to the estuary where they were deposited like sediment with neither the will nor the means to return. Many of them stayed permanently and added themselves to the nucleus of humanity which built Vancouver within three generations into our third greatest city. The second by-product was the Cariboo Road.

In 1861 that human dynamo Governor James Douglas realized that unless help on a vast scale were provided for the obsessed lunatics digging and panning up the Fraser thousands of them would die of starvation and cold. He ordered his Royal Engineers to build a supply route into the interior and the result was the most spectacularly dangerous highway in Canada. When the engineers finished their work the Cariboo Road was a ledge in the cliffside 385 miles long and eighteen feet wide. In places the drop from the unguarded lip was thousands of feet and many a horse and mule and quite a few men hurtled off and down to the end of their troubles. One imaginative teamster even introduced camels to the Cariboo thinking they would be more sure-footed than horses and mules, but their smell so frightened the other pack animals that his scheme had to be dropped.

"It's like nothing on the continent"

So far as the stampede was concerned this famous road probably did more harm than good; it provided an excuse for thousands more to join the hordes of gold-hungry men already working. But when the stampede petered out and the hurdy-gurdy girls and the gamblers went south, when the roaring shack towns turned into bleaching ghost towns, the road was there. It led sober men into the interior to build lumber camps and establish the vast ranches which make British Columbia's Dry Belt a rival in stock raising to the American southwest.

Fraser silt deposited over millennia in the delta and the valley behind New Westminster enabled the growing population of the west coast first to feed itself and later to develop an agricultural exporting industry. Acre for acre, the arable land of the lower Fraser Valley is among the richest in all Canada.

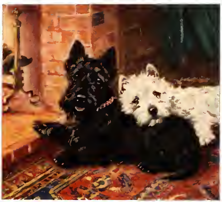
The economic development forced on the province by the Fraser led inevitably to the construction of railways, and here again the river turned out to be the key to the engineering problem. The two transcontinental lines, after threading the Rockies from the Kicking Horse and the Yellowhead, use the canyon for their final run into Vancouver. And the Pacific Great Eastern, the most exciting railway this side of Switzerland, swinging at dizzy heights along the cliffs, goes north to Prince George and finally links the Pacific coast to the Peace River country.

The world knows little about the Fraser's history — neither does Eastern Canada for that matter — and I would guess there are two reasons for this ignorance. In the first place nobody can imagine what the river is like unless he has seen it with his own eyes, for there is nothing else resembling it on the continent and I doubt if there is anything else resembling it in the whole world. In the second place, people everywhere have been conditioned to think about western North American exploration and settlement in terms of the pattern established in the United States. The Americans have told their story in hundreds of novels, short stories and movies. Our story has hardly been told at all.

If "epic" is the word the Americans use we should find a stronger one, for the American west was an open pasture compared to the mountains of British Columbia. The covered wagons could roll toward the American west over a plain swarming with buffalo and the passes in their Rockies are wide and easy compared to the nightmare of the Fraser Canyon. While the Americans could use horses and wagons our pioneers had to use canoes. Our men sometimes had to portage craft and baggage over ridges thousands of feet high, and the roads they built later had to be blasted out of sheer cliffs.

Nothing, I thought as I stared down at the Fraser from the road above Hell's Gate, more sharply points up the contrast between the American and Canadian experience than the fact that, for a time, steamboats were used in the canyon itself. If the record were not proved beyond dispute nobody seeing the canyon would believe it. The little boats had to be dragged laboriously upstream by winches and by hundreds of men hauling on cables from the shore, engines roaring and sometimes exploding from excess of pressure. But those crazy, dangerous steamboats at least saved the backs of the men.

Our pioneers, later our engineers and businessmen, circumvented the river's obstacles even though they never tamed the river itself. The challenges they met were never adequately described by them, nor do I think anyone can tell their story as it truly was. But to some extent we can guess what they achieved by ne



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Why should some of us, for example, accept Jesus as the God-Man and others believe He was only man? Why should there be differing "schools of thought" ranging from the literal to the liberal? Why should there be differences in the number and nature of the Sacraments? If all of Christendom was to be united as "one flock . . . with one shepherd" . . . as the Bible itself says, why are we so tragically disunited?

It is suggested sometimes that Catholics are opposed to the Bible. This, of course, is not true for numerous reasons. The Catholic Church is, first of all, the mother of the Bible. It was the Catholic Church which preserved and perpetuated Holy Writ through 1,500 years when no other Christian body even claimed to be its custodian. And for nearly 2,000 years, the words of Holy Scripture have been at the very heart of Catholic ritual and worship the world over.

What Catholics *do* believe is that the Church, not the individual, must interpret and explain Christ's teachings, including those set forth in the Bible. Christians outside the Catholic fold do not, of course, accept this authority, but for Catholics it eliminates the doubts, confusion and misunderstanding which inevitably result from individual interpretations.

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quainting ourselves with the river itself, and by looking at some of the vital facts about it.

The mountains through which the Fraser finds or carves a path are far from the world's highest but they cover a huge area and they lie pretty far north. They are also extremely varied. For miles above Lytton the river passes through the so-called dry belt of British Columbia where the traveler is astonished to encounter the sage brush, tumbleweed and county sized ranches associated with the American southwest and is warned against rattlesnakes on rocky trails. Little rain falls here and if all the Fraser's course lay through country like this, its volume of flow would be moderate.

However, many of the ranges sloping in chaos in the general direction of the Fraser are exposed to moist Pacific winds, and in winter they collect billions of tons of snow. By mid-June most of this snow has turned into running water. The Fraser, draining an area of 91,600 square miles (barely 3,000 square miles less than that of the United Kingdom) has to carry all this runoff to the sea.

"The mere statement of these facts," a geographer said to me, "tells all you need to know about the river." If I had possessed a geographer's imagination it might have done so.

"When you reach Lytton," a British Columbian told me in Montreal, "be sure to stand on that little bridge where the Thompson enters. It's a wonderful sight. Thompson water is blue green and Fraser water is yellow gumbo. You can see them both together — two separate streams in the same course."

The Fraser swallows the Thompson

I thought I knew what he meant, for on the Mackenzie I had seen what I believed was something similar. For two hundred miles below Fort Simpson the brown water of the Liard keeps to the left while the grey-green Mackenzie water flows along on the right. It takes the Mackenzie — and it is a very powerful stream — all this distance to absorb its chief tributary.

When I stood on the Lytton bridge the sight was indeed wonderful, but it bore no resemblance whatever to what I had expected. The Thompson is the Fraser's chief tributary, a major stream in its own right, a mountain stream also, and it does not so much enter the Fraser as smash its way into it like a liquid battering ram. From the bridge I saw its water plunging into the Fraser just as the man said, blue green into the Fraser's yellow froth. Then it completely disappeared. The Fraser swallows the Thompson in less than a hundred yards!

As soon as you pass beyond Lytton on the way up the river, you see evidence of the Fraser's power in what it has done to the land. Above Lillooet it has carved out a minor Grand Canyon. Farther up in the plateaus of the ranching country it is almost subterranean; you can travel for miles across the ranges and think no water is anywhere and then suddenly you come to a trench and stare far, far down and there is that infernal yellow line frothing along.

But it is at Hell's Gate, its passage made still more narrow by blasting for the railway, that the prolonged violence of the river reaches its climax, and the best way I can think of to describe its ferocity here is to make some comparisons with the volume of water that flows in the St. Lawrence.

The mean flow of the St. Lawrence is 543,000 cubic feet per second, the Fraser's 92,600. But the width of the St. Lawrence at Victoria Bridge in Montreal *before* it has received the Richelieu, the St. Maurice or even the bulk of the Ottawa is nearly two miles. The width of the Fraser at Hell's Gate *after* it has received the Nechako, the Blackwater, the Chilcotin, the Quesnel, the Lillooet, the Thompson and nearly all its less famous tributaries, is approximately forty yards. This means a good fisherman can cast a line across a river carrying nearly one sixth the flow of the St. Lawrence!

But there are days on the Fraser which are not average days, which come after steady sunshine and a succession of warm nights have melted the mountain snow in a rush. Then the Fraser becomes absolutely incredible.

During the flood of 1948 a flow almost equal to that of the St. Lawrence was recorded on the Fraser; in the worse flood of 1894 the flow was estimated at 600,000. In other words, there was at least one occasion when 57,000 more cubic feet of water per second went through the gap at Hell's Gate than passes between Quebec and Lévis.

What this meant to the gentle valley below Hope amounted on both occasions to a national catastrophe. Thousands of acres were swamped, barns and houses were carried away, cattle were drowned and the bodies of cows were seen floating in the yellow smear spread for miles into the Strait of Georgia. But in the black canyon little was changed because its walls are so steep and its trough so deep it could hold all the rivers of North America without overflowing. In the twisted gorge the Fraser boiled and roared at prodigious depths and at velocities exceeding twenty knots. It churned millions of tons of sand in its whirlpools, its backwashes tossed giant logs like splinters end over end, it killed God knows how many salmon by exhausting the life out of them or by hurling them clear of the water against the rocks which broke their spines. It wore several more inches off the little islets which survive in the channel like wrecked iron ships.

I was not on the Fraser when this happened, but if I had flown over its canyon then I doubt if I would have seen anything out of the ordinary at twenty thousand feet.

This river was navigated — at least most of it was — by human beings in canoes, and of all the facts connected with the Fraser, this is the hardest for those acquainted with the river to believe. It was later navigated — if you could apply such a word to such an insane venture — by a few stampeders who built themselves rafts intending to float down with the current. They found themselves trapped in the canyon and held on because that was all they could do. But these men did not really navigate the river; they were simply swept along like the logs that go down to the mills today. Nor did the French adventurer who swam it last year swim it in the sense that Marilyn Bell swam Lake Ontario. Equipped with a frogman's outfit, he also was carried down like a log.

But the voyageurs legitimately navigated nearly all of it. First Alexander Mackenzie entered its upper waters in 1793 with the party he finally led through to the coast. He was not sure where he was, for no white man had been here before, but he soon enough learned that this was the worst river in his experience. His canoe was wrecked in the upper canyon near Fort George and he and his men were nearly drowned. He patched his craft and continued, but at the point now called Alexandria he stopped. His intuition warned him that to

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superable danger lay ahead and he went overland to Bella Coola in the nick of time. A few miles more and he would have passed the point of no return.

Fifteen years later in 1808 a Highlander far different from the poetic Mackenzie, the stolid Simon Fraser, followed in the path of the man he tauntingly referred to as "Sir A M K" and went all the distance to the delta. Like Mackenzie he also did not know what the river was like or even what river it was. He believed it was the Columbia and he had entered it with the specific mission of exploring it to its mouth in order to establish British rights to the entire Columbia region. When he entered the canyon and the river whirled him he believed he must go through or perish. What he achieved was the climax of the long, wonderful story of the fur trading voyages which began when Champlain paddled up the Ottawa from Montreal to the Chaudière Falls. Fraser's was the most terrible and fabulous inland voyage in the history of North America.

They in their birch bark canoes the voyageurs stared up thousands of feet at the walls of that black gorge. The river roared so loud they could not hear each other speak. It twisted so fast they could never prepare themselves for what lay around the next turn. When they watched the shore line flashing past they realized that no canoe, for that matter no ship hitherto built, had ever traveled at such speed and survived. They were spun like tops in the whirlpools and when backwashes swept them ashore they portaged over cliffs thousands of feet high for they could not survive if they stayed still and they did not believe it possible to return. Finally they reached Hell's Gate and here their experience inspired the most celebrated passage in Fraser's Journal.

"I have been for a long period in the Rocky Mountains, but have never seen anything like this country. It is so wild I cannot find words to describe our situation at times. We had to pass where no human being should venture, yet in those places there is a regular pathway impressed or rather indented on the very rocks by frequent traveling."

This so-called pathway had been made by Indians who had been in the region so long that the village now called Lytton claims to be the oldest permanently settled place in North America. Fraser and his men, their canoes abandoned on the shore, crawled sideways with their packs along the cliff hanging on to twisted vines formed like a ladder or the shrouds of a ship. Somehow they got through and lower down they bought Indian dugouts and so reached the sea.

It was typical of Simon Fraser that when he reached the delta he was as disappointed as Mackenzie had been when he came to the larger delta on the Beaufort Sea. Whatever else this awful river might be, Fraser knew it was not the Columbia. Not being able to foresee the future he assumed that his mission had failed and turned back.

The return passage was in some ways worse than the passage going down though at least its horrors could no longer surprise them. The Indians turned hostile and bombarded them with rocks. Their supplies were nearly gone, their clothing was in rags, their shoes holed and torn, their bodies exhausted. At one moment—and it was a great one in Canadian history—the dour Fraser made his Scots and Canadiens take this oath: "I solemnly swear before Almighty God that I shall sooner perish than forsake any of our crew during the present voyage."

They got through. At the northern end of Hell's Gate they found their canoes intact, and those incredible men launched them and paddled and dragged them all the way back the way they had come.

Simon Fraser and his party, on their way back against the river, reached Fort George in thirty-four days!

Out of that voyage grew the story of British Columbia which unfolded so rapidly in the next hundred and fifty years that British Columbians themselves seem unable to realize how astounding their progress has been. It took generations for eastern cities like Quebec and Halifax to grow, but Vancouver and the little towns of the lower Fraser Valley leaped up in a moment of time. Today the province's university is one of the greatest in Canada; as late as World War I it was only an experimental extension of Montreal's McGill. Vancouver is now Canada's third city, a century hence it may well be her first. Mountain time and Pacific time are out of joint for the easterner, who has tended to take two steps backward for every three he takes ahead.

But progress, not even with all the instruments of science behind it, can ever change the character of the province's chief river. It will always be possible to see much of it as it seemed to the voyageurs, and it will never be possible to tame it. So long as mountain snows melt the Fraser will roar, for even if the black canyon were walled the water would find or make another one and the Fraser would still be the narrowest and the most savage of all the major rivers on this continent. ★

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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 8

to fire interest in the game and thus boost ticket sales not only this year but next, it should be financed by the promoters, not by the public.

Can't you hear Barnum chuckling in his tomb as the mayors of Canada lend themselves—and their taxpayers' money—to the promotion of this thundering circus?

If all the hokum and hullabaloo that surrounds football is over-done during the regular season what can we say about it at Grey Cup time with its parade, its Miss Grey Cup beauty contest, its train and plane loads of boisterous rooters, its full scale invasion of the front pages, not to mention the hooliganism it seems to incite.

Twice the Grey Cup game has been played in Vancouver—in 1955 and 1958—and twice we have seen astonishing displays of public drunkenness, hooliganism and vandalism.

In 1955 great mobs of forty or fifty thousand people took over downtown Vancouver on the two nights preceding the day of the game and staged raucous all night parties.

Teen agers caroused through the streets drinking openly from beer bottles and taunting the police. A visitor from Toronto sloshed through a hotel lobby strewn with broken liquor bottles and spotted with puddles of whisky and remarked in disgust: "There is more drunkenness in this lobby per square foot than I've ever seen anywhere before."

"Someone could be killed"

So potentially dangerous did the celebration become that the chairman of the Grey Cup reception committee told the press: "I'm scared stiff. Someone could be killed. It's an ugly situation." Indeed it was ugly. In 1958 someone threw a mattress from a hotel window; it struck a woman passer-by and seriously injured her.

I'm not mentioning all this to prove that the majority of football fans are drunkards or hooligans, because they are not, but only to underline my appeal for a return to sanity in this sport.

We have lost our heads, our sense of proportion. Let's regain them both. Let's quit using this sport as an excuse to abandon all our inhibitions. Let's take the hokum out of football before it does degenerate into a game for animals.

Of what value to the development of young people, of athletics, of good citizenship and of Canadianism generally is this Roman circus that revolves around the Grey Cup?

Couldn't the acres of newspaper space that is lavished on this game—the women's pages even take us into the kitchen to see the little wife whipping up a mess of spaghetti for the big star — couldn't this space be used to better advantage in informing us about what goes on in the world around us?

I'm not opposed to professionalism in sport. I was in fact for many years a professional hockey player myself. But I am opposed to fanatical hero worship and the over-publicizing of professional sport.

Frankly, I doubt that Canadian football contributes anything to the promotion of real sportsmanship. Take, for instance, the manner in which the coach of a losing team is hounded by press and public. In 1958 when the B.C. Lions were unable to win under Clem Crowe the whole of Vancouver was chanting, "Crowe must go." There is nothing wrong, I suppose, in firing an unsuccessful coach providing he has been given a fair trial, but is it good sportsmanship to humiliate a man publicly as Crowe was humiliated?

During the Crowe affair everyone in Vancouver talked as though he (or she) knew more about football than Crowe could ever hope to know. Even those who wouldn't know a football if they found one in a bowl of soup were second guessing him blind.

I'll wager that ninety percent of those who attend Canadian football games really don't understand any of the fine points of the game. They go because it is the thing to do, because everyone else is going. It's a social event and they too want to be in the swim.

The drinking that goes on at a football game would seem to substantiate my claim that to many it's more of a social than a sports event.

When the football season began in Vancouver this fall the chief of police was called upon to issue a stern warning that drinking at the games would not be tolerated. But at the same time the police admitted they were baffled by the surreptitious methods used by the drinkers.

"We've heard of hypodermic needles being used to inject oranges with gin

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Is that what they mean when they speak of character building?

We all know that one of the pleasures of following any sport is not just watching the game itself but talking about it later. We all like to appear to be experts in our favorite sport. But football fans carry even this innocent pleasure to ridiculous extremes. There is no longer any such animal as the Monday morning quarterback. We are now imposed upon by the Monday through Sunday quarterback who doesn't stop talking about last night's game until the next one is played.

So much for football fandom and football fans. What of the game itself? In Canadian football the emphasis is overwhelmingly on the side of brawn, not brain, while in hockey and soccer mental and physical agility are superbly combined.

The size of a man counts for more in football than in any other sport. The little man hasn't a chance. The linemen are usually giants and the backfielders appear to be small only in comparison.

In hockey and soccer it is an asset to be big but it is not decisive. Take for instance one of our greatest hockey players, Aurel Joliat, who never weighed more than one hundred and thirty-five pounds and yet was a superstar with Montreal Canadiens. His famous linemate Howie Morenz was also a small man. And in soccer we can cite Stanley Matthews, one of England's finest players, who is certainly no giant.

One of my favorite football stories touching on this point concerns the American college coach who, every spring, would drive through the countryside in search of talent. Whenever he saw a young man behind a plow he'd stop and ask him for directions. If the youth pointed the way with his finger the coach would simply drive on. But if he picked up the plow and pointed with it, then the coach would sign him to a football contract. It's not what you know, it's how strong you are.

This emphasis on brawn, not brain, strength leads inevitably to at least a measure of brutality. In no other sport is there such a marked tendency to injure a key player on the opposing team — or at least to reduce his effectiveness by physical assault — as there is in football.

Another complaint I have about football is that the player is required to do very little of his own thinking, this chore being assumed for him by the coach and to some extent by the quarterback. In most team sports it is the great opportunist, the man who can instantly take advantage of an unforeseen situation, who is the great star. But in the regimented game of football where the play is coldly pre-determined before the ball is snapped, the player seldom has the opportunity to act on his own initiative.

In football a big man runs with a big ball tucked firmly under one arm and nine times out of ten all that happens is that he's knocked down, other men pile on top of him, they're then sorted out — and so it begins all over again.

"No one sees the ball"

Compare this with hockey where first of all the player has to be a fine skater and then must master the difficult art of carrying a puck, of stickhandling. Once the puck is dropped there is continuous mental and physical action. The player must think for himself with lightning speed. He must use all his faculties not only to control his own actions as an individual but to co-ordinate them with the ever-changing positions and actions of his team mates. No mathematical pattern has been set in advance and drilled into him. With slight variations the same things might be said of the soccer player.

Because of their continuous skillful action soccer and hockey I believe are really more pleasing to watch as well as to play than the painfully ponderous game of Canadian football.

Football is the only game in the world except hide-the-button, in which the object of play, the ball, is hidden a good deal of the time.

One of the high moments in football comes when a player breaks clear on a touchdown run. I am always amazed that even after he has shaken off the last opposing player and has nothing between himself and the goal line the crowd will shriek hysterically as he races downfield. Why? Wasn't the climax reached and passed when he beat the last defender? What is so exciting in the spectacle of a man running down a field with no one to outwit and beat? How can this compare with hockey or soccer when the moment of climax doesn't come until the last split second when the attacker and goal-tender come face to face?

When Ronnie Knox let loose his blast at football, Lew Hayman, managing director of the Toronto Argonauts, brushed it off by saying, "He's a pretty mixed up kid." In the lull before the Grey Cup storm I'd like to suggest that the promoters and followers of football calmly consider who really are the mixed up kids in the hysterical world of professional football. ★

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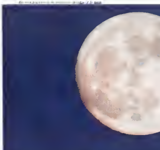

continued from page 27

"The biggest single threat to marriage is personal defect — jealousy, nagging, gambling, drinking"

fare agencies" and the very poor who "traditionally keep their troubles to themselves."

A statistical analysis of the council's accomplishments, published last year by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, shows that counselors are now attempting to repair twelve thousand unhappy marriages annually. In thirty-three percent of the cases they fail. In twenty-six percent the outcome is unknown. But in forty-one percent the couples are "substantially helped in surmounting their problems or in learning to live with them."

While far from sensational, the figures, by normal social science criteria, are impressive, especially for an outfit that must count its pennies. NMGC depends on private donations and bequests and on grants from municipal councils and the national government. Its income totals less than sixty thousand dollars annually. Last year NMGC's biggest single grant was thirty thousand dollars from the U.K. government, or one hundredth of the three million dollars the same government spent on subsidized divorces. NMGC funds are sufficient to pay only half a dozen full time staff members who work in the pokey, shabby headquarters on Duke Street, Mayfair, a once fashionable but now rapidly declining residential district of London. Ninety NMGC branches throughout the British Isles are manned by volunteers.

Their policy is to reduce the social pressures which are responsible in the U.K. today for thirty thousand divorces a year, or four times the 1939 rate. Each year one in every sixteen hundred Britons gets divorced. In Canada the rate is one in every three thousand.

The NMGC deplores particularly the sense of insecurity implanted in the children affected and adds that "the relationship between the divorce rate and juvenile delinquency is unquestionable." More British children now lose their homes through divorce than through the death of either parent.

"High divorce rates," says secretary-general Brayshaw, "are not so much an indication of declining morals as a reflection of the social upheaval that followed female emancipation. Equality of pay and rights have placed men and women in relationships that differ radically from those of Edwardian days while moral principles remain largely unchanged. Emotionally we have not yet fully adapted ourselves to the new position of women and the resulting confusion is at the root of many marital troubles."

Brayshaw says that a simple illustration of his point is the anticipation by most modern brides of sexual satisfaction as a matter of right, a sentiment unheard of fifty years ago and a situation to which many modern grooms are not yet adjusted.

Sex, however, is only the second major factor in marital rifts. According to the Carnegie analysis the biggest single threat to wedlock is a personal defect in one or both partners. Personal defects, which include dullness, jealousy, anger, nagging, gambling, drinking, violence and infidelity, account for forty percent of all cases handled. Sexual dissatisfactions bring only seventeen percent of the cases to NMGC's doors. The remaining factors leading to broken homes are, in order of importance: ill-health, mental or physical (eleven percent), parental influence (ten), bad living conditions (nine), incompatibility of tem-

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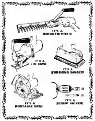
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permanent (eight) involuntary separation by military service or out-of-town work (three) and insufficient income (two).

The relationship between social backgrounds and the major marriage problems indicate that high and low income groups have some failings in common. Personal defects especially infidelity are more marked at the two extremes of the income scale than in the middle. On the other hand the middle income groups especially couples with good education encounter more sexual problems than the other two. This is true among religious couples than among those without a creed. Within the religious groups Catholics are the least afflicted by sex problems Anglicans the next least and Non-Conformists the most.

Age also affects the graph of matrimonial discord. Living conditions, parental influence and sex difficulties are more marked among the recently married. Those who have been married longer than fifteen years show the highest incidence of infidelity.

Every case different

Large families understandably enough top the list in insufficient income cases but the presence of many children in the home has compensations. Couples with four or more children have the lowest sex difficulty rate and the lowest personal defect rate. Childless couples are by far the most heavily ensnared with sex difficulties but they have one of the lowest rates of personal defects.

From these broad outlines of marital strife the counselors derive much wisdom. "But," says NMGC training officer J. H. Wallis "there's no such thing as a typical case. Every counselor must approach each case with an open mind."

The volunteer counselors are rarely less than thirty five and rarely more than fifty years old. All must be happily married since clients would hesitate to accept help from single persons.

One of the counselor selectors is Mrs. Fred L. Attenborough mother of British movie star Richard Attenborough and wife of a retired university professor. "Generally speaking," she says, "counselors are people who've done fairly well in life and have a little spare time because their children are growing up. They must be agreeable good humored sympathetic broadminded and able to understand other people's problems without getting emotionally involved in them. Above all they must be imbued with a genuine desire to serve and with an unshakable conviction in the spiritual, emotional and physical harmony of married life as a basis for a sound society."

From the moment they are first recommended for the job the counselors enter a sort of underground movement. The candidates gather in groups of fifteen at periodic two-day residential selection conferences in university hostels, diocesan retreat houses and adult education centres. Residential life plus organized discussion give the five selectors, one of whom is always a professional psychiatrist, a good insight into their characters.

One organized discussion revolves around a fictitious family argument between two parents and an uncle about what form of higher education an adolescent son and daughter should follow. In proposing possible solutions and reacting to other possible solutions the candidates reveal much about their own personalities to the selectors. During the selection conference each candidate is interviewed privately by each selector and assessed according to the known average capacity of counselors already in service. They are marked as well above average, above average, average, below average and fail. The forty percent who fail are sometimes mollified with the offer of work in the administrative divisions of NMGC.

The successful candidates undergo twelve months of training. This includes weekly discussions based upon acted tape-recorded interviews. The acted interviews are made by one counselor who plays himself and another who plays a client. The fictitious client, a counselor with a known talent for acting, impersonates the character and voices the problems of actual clients he's encountered. Tape recordings of genuine interviews are never made as these might betray the identity of the client, especially in small communities.

"They're walking!"

"The counselor turns himself into a receptacle for grief; the client gets it off his chest"

In addition to the clinical case discussions, counselors in training attend four two-day residential courses at which they take lectures in Development of the Personality, Sociology and the Social Services, the Physiology of Sex, Legal Aspects of Marriage Guidance, Psychiatry and Counseling, and Ethical and Spiritual Aspects of Marriage Guidance.

They then become serving counselors with the following injunctions: never reveal the name of a client even to another NMGC official; never give up a case history notebook to anybody; never give your name to the press; and never discuss the nature of your work with anybody outside your immediate family.

If the names and activities of counselors were well known in their communities clients would hesitate to approach them or to be seen in their company lest family secrets should be exposed to neighbors. For this reason counselors visit clients' homes only in cases of extreme emergency. They know that neighbors, peeking through the curtains, would soon distinguish them from regular callers and set up a chain of inquisitive gossip that might lead to a public revelation of the trouble.

Although clients are sometimes interviewed on a park bench, in a quiet tea room, on top of a bus or in a friendly pub, most of them tell their troubles in NMGC clinics. The clinics are always in obscure buildings housing the offices of diverse small tenants. If a client is spotted by a neighbor in the act of leaving the building he might have been on any one of many mundane errands and little curiosity is aroused.

They even bring dogs

At the clinic in the London headquarters of NMGC and in the ninety provincial branches troubled husbands and wives are directed to a suitable counselor. Generally speaking, though not always, they are directed to a counselor of the same sex. The waiting counselors, who give up at least one afternoon and one evening to the work every week, never know what to expect next. Clients may be furious, sullen, frightened, shy, boastful, argumentative or indifferent. Occasionally a client turns up with a dog, a child, a parent or a neighbor who is all too ready to "corroborate" the complaint. Husbands and wives often arrive together and in front of the counselor resume the quarrel which brought them. Once an entire family of six turned up, plus an uncle, a caged parrot, a cat and a village policeman who'd been dragged into an enormously confused domestic donnybrook.

Wives complain of husbands boasting in their presence of mistresses, siding with in-laws against them, belittling their own children in company, ridiculing the wife's taste in dress, denouncing the wife's cooking, and a thousand other minor cruelties which add up in total to an intolerable existence. Husbands complain of wives who sulk all night because they are five minutes late getting home, who fly into a fury at the sight of a long hair on their lapel, who begrudge them the price of a nightly pint at the local pub and who accompany them to parties sloppily dressed.

The duplicity of one woman almost led to a divorce. She quarreled furiously with her husband because she didn't want him to buy a house he desired. An NMGC counselor listened to her angry denunciations of the house's age, shape, plumbing, style and price. A few slips of the tongue revealed the real reasons for the woman's objections. "Could it be," said the counselor gently, "that you don't want this house because it will mean living too far away from your parents?" The client was stunned by the counselor's perspicacity and admitted that she hadn't wanted to give her true reasons for fear of precipitating an even worse quarrel. The counselor asked, "Do you think your husband would be better pleased if you were frank with him?" The counselor brought about a successful outcome.

The interrogatory manner is an important part of the counselor's strategy. A courteous "Yes?" or "Would you care to tell me a bit about yourself?" usually sets the client talking. The counselor speaks only to stimulate the flow of information. He turns himself into a receptacle for grief and affords the client that sense of relief and relaxation that follows "getting it off his chest." At this point the client usually says: "Well, what are you going to do?" Counselors how

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ever, rarely do anything. They ask questions and nod sympathetically. They never say "Tut tut." If the client shocks or offends them they disguise their feelings. Essentially, if they are skilled, they convince the client that he is in the presence of an intimate, sympathetic stranger who sees the case from a detached point of view and can help him.

When he has pieced together the picture of the basic trouble the counselor makes hints or drops suggestions or makes vague allusions as to how other people have overcome similar problems. His aim is to impress upon the client that domestic troubles are rarely one-sided and that the complainant might well be partly responsible for them. He may end up by saying, "Do you feel this is all quite hopeless and that there is nothing else you can do about it?" Then the counselor tries to get the client to take action himself.

"The point," says NMGC training officer J. H. Wallis, "is to bring clients face to face with facts from which they might have been blinded by emotion, to make clients understand the reasons behind their trouble. When these reasons are fully understood clients often are able to help themselves."

The most commonly cured cases are sex problems. In discussing them counselors use plain words. Dr. Elizabeth West, an NMGC consultant on psychological problems, says, "Many books on sex do more harm than good because they are couched in a cold scientific style that is alien to reality." She believes that sex problems stem from a sense of shame inflicted in the child during childhood by prudish parents.

No matter how hopeless the case, counselors never recommend divorce. When clients ask them to help them get a divorce counselors reply, "I'm not here for that purpose. If you are determined to get a divorce you'll have to find a lawyer."

When counselors find cases beyond their own competence, separation or divorce is not inevitable. Behind NMGC stands four advisory boards—legal, educational, medical and ecclesiastical. Each offers to clients the services of distinguished lawyers, professors, psychiatrists, doctors and clergymen for specialized consultation. A lawyer might help them to get legal restraints imposed on interfering in-laws; a professor might help settle an argument about the children's schooling; a clergyman might help clients to see that spiritual attitudes are inseparable from happy marriage. Doctors and psychiatrists attend to physical and mental ailments which many clients do not wish to take to their family physician.

NMGC also offers further practical help in a wide range of books and pamphlets dealing with sexual techniques, childbirth, contraception, baby care, the menopause, cooking, domestic economy, entertaining, and personal health and hygiene. Two of its recent booklets, one on domestic budgeting and the other on how to arrange a wedding, became, at thirty cents each, national best sellers.

Throughout the country NMGC also organizes weekly discussion groups for engaged couples and encourages them to be frank about the problems that worry them most. "Eventually," says Brayshaw, "this preventive program may become bigger than our remedial program."

The remedial program began in 1938 under the auspices of a special committee set up by the British Social Hygiene Council. Later the committee became the independent NMGC. The war hampered NMGC's progress but by 1946 branches had been established in every major U.K. city. In that year NMGC published its first pamphlet, "Sex In Marriage," and sold over a hundred and seventy-five thousand copies. One thousand letters a week from spouses seeking help began pouring into the Mayfair headquarters. Radio and press comments, both favorable and hostile, focused national attention on the movement and rallied supporters. Branches sprang up in many smaller towns. Every year their number increases.

Today the National Marriage Guidance Council of Great Britain leads the world in this form of social service. "I don't think it will be long," says general secretary Brayshaw, "before a similar movement gets going in Canada." ★

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How to lie your way to the Grey Cup continued from page 29

One Grey Cup game was lost days before it was played—at a workout in a girls' softball stadium

play and Pete Mangum, linebacker, who had a sprained ankle. In addition, the quarterback, Kenny Ploen, re-injured a knee sprained in the Edmonton series, and had to retire from the game in the second half, and Dennis Mendyk, a halfback from Michigan, had a broken wrist and played with it in a cast. Shepard, the kicker, was unable to return to action after making just one punt, in spite of the shot in his leg.

Needless to say, the Bombers were belabored 32 to 7 by the robust Hamiltons, whose coach, Jim Trimble, also gave truth a strenuous workout before the game. Trimble, who rarely grants a monosyllable if he can employ five or six paragraphs and achieve the same end, had coached both Bud Grant and Wayne Robinson, the assistant coach of the Bombers, when they were players at Philadelphia. For this reason, he declared in ringing and tireless tones, he knew precisely the kind of strategy his former pupils would employ and accordingly would counter it successfully. Trimble's didactic philosophy had nothing to do with the outcome, as coaches Grant and Robinson proved one year later when, with a healthy team, their stratagems were good enough to beat the Tiger-Cats 35 to 28.

Trimble did, however, permit one grain of truth to find its way into his pre-game sermons in 1957.

"If they beat us," he said of the Blue Bombers, "they'll have to score more than thirty points."

This sounded outlandish because the Bombers had checked the vaunted power of Edmonton in the western final, permitting the Eskimos only one touchdown in three games. In light of this, it seemed unlikely that the unspectacular Tiger-Cats would puncture the Bomber defense for four times that many in one game. But Trimble was aware of Winnipeg's hospital list, even if the fans weren't, and he also knew his own team was in top condition, a point most people overlooked. The Tiger-Cats had bulldozed the east, rolling over Montreal 39 to 1 in the concluding game of the eastern playoffs, a crisp workout for them. Few hands had been raised in anger against them and not many of their players had been compelled to limp to the infirmary for anything more blood-curdling than a corn plaster. The Bomber medical staff's hypodermic needles were no match for this crew.

The injections, by the way, were unusual, lest the S.P.C.A. be growing restive. Bill Boivin, who was the general manager of the Bombers that year and who is now a director of the Vancouver Lions, says he has always been dead against shots and that all Bomber doctors and executives are too. "Prior to that game," he says, "I can recall only one other player having received shots. But this was a desperate situation and the doctors assured us there was little chance of the injuries being aggravated."

Apparently they weren't, for the players all came back the following season, but the wounded feelings and pocketbooks of their supporters remained damaged all through the long hard winter.

Similar disaster assailed the ignorant disciples of the Saskatchewan Roughriders of 1951, whose coach, Blackjack Harry Smith, talked engagingly of his team's chances against the Ottawa Rough Riders. Smith at no time revealed the true extent of his team's wretched physical condition, but actually that Grey Cup game was resolved in front of a few glum and scattered witnesses in the silence of a girls' softball stadium two days before it was played before 27,341 onlookers in the restless rumble of Toronto's Varsity Stadium.

The bruised westerners held a secret workout at the Sunnyside Stadium in Toronto's west end to make a final assessment of their injury list. After a sombre hour of proddings, probings and trial runs the medical report was so bleak and it involved so many key men that the game itself became perfunctory

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"What flavors do you have?"

To hear coach Smith on the subject on Grey Cup eve, however, no one would have guessed it.

The Roughriders that year were borne to the final by a six-foot three-inch end named Glenn Dobbs. Dobbs, a drawling, smiling, dimple-chinned quarterback, had so thoroughly captivated the football public that Regina had adopted the name Dobbsville and people bore it on their license plates and used it constantly when talking of their home town.

But adulation was no substitute for a sound body and Dobbs was merely one of many heavily handicapped players who emerged from a grueling three-game series against Edmonton in the western final. When the team assembled secretly at Sunnyside Stadium on the Thursday prior to the Grey Cup game it was to determine how many of the injured could compete. Three couldn't make it at all, including Dobbs' primary passing target, end Jack Russell, and five others got there looking like full-color pharmaceutical advertisements. Even the pride of Dobbsville, Dobbs himself, was an unlikely starter, though he hid his misery from all except the doctors and the coach, Blackjack Smith. He had three broken ribs and sprained knee ligaments. But did the fans get in on the truth? Nope.

"You may get away with it"

Thus in the Grey Cup game the legend became a myth to the eyes of the [illegible] audience. Dobbs completed only four of his first sixteen throws, and in the entire third quarter, though his team trailed Ottawa by 20 to 2, he threw only once—incomplete. Late in the game, with Ottawa clearly the winner, Dobbs showed two quick flashes. His last two passes produced touchdowns and a respectable final score, 21 to 14, but they were anticlimactic. None of Dobbs' detractors knew, however, that his knee had been shot with novocaine and that he wore a plaster girdle from his waist to his armpits to protect the three broken ribs.

The question naturally arises: Why don't coaches reveal the full extent of a team's injuries?

"Primarily," says the former Edmonton coach, Frank (Pop) Ivy, who now coaches the Chicago Cardinals, "because nothing can be gained. By telling the public that this man has a bad knee and that man a bad ankle you're also telling the opposing coach. Right away his team can concentrate its offense at a man you've admitted is below par. If you don't pinpoint your injuries there's the chance at least that you'll get away with it."

Ivy ought to know. One of his men, Eagle Keys, performed one of the most notable feats of courage in Grey Cup history in the 1954 game against Montreal. In the first quarter Keys, the Edmonton centre, did not rise from a pile-up at the line of scrimmage. He was carried from the field and a replacement snapped the ball badly when the Eskimos were required to kick on third down. Jackie Parker, the punter, recovered the loose ball and got it away before any Montrealer could corral it, but the incident convinced Ivy that Keys' snapping ability was irreplaceable on this November afternoon. The coach asked his husky centre if he could make it, and Keys tried. Pain in his left leg prevented him from going onto the field when Edmonton was working the ball from its mystifying split-T formation, but he hobbled into the middle of the line to make the long snaps to Parker for all subsequent third-down punts.

Then, with three minutes to play, the lightning Parker scooped up a bounding football deep in his own territory after it had been mishandled by Montreal halfback Chuck Hunsinger, and Parker ran ninety-four yards for the touchdown that tied the score at 25 to 25. This, of course, set up the most vital play of the game, Edmonton's convert attempt. A bad snap here could cost the Eskimos the winning point. Keys left the bench once more, keeping his left leg rigid as he hopped awkwardly across the field. Then he snapped the ball back perfectly and when Bob Dean booted it squarely between the goalposts Edmonton had a 26 to 25 edge. Post-game examination revealed that Keys, who is now Edmonton's coach, had a *broken leg*.

The nature rather than the extent of a team's injuries is the significant factor, and often a bandaged and bedraggled Grey Cup finalist is better off than one shielding its hurts, although no one would ever suspect it listening to the coaches. Frank Clair, who coached the 1952 Argonauts in the big game, moaned piteously every time he discussed his team's chances, although he knew the players *looked* a lot worse off than they were. For a fact the Argos resembled a band of wounded vets as they trudged onto the field at Varsity Stadium. Wes McKnight, a Toronto announcer who later recorded commentary for a film of the game, suggested when he saw the film that the Argonauts' entrance onto the field be deleted from the picture.

"Edmonton came through the concrete alley leading from the dressing room to the field looking every inch a football team in fresh dark green jerseys and gold helmets and the players jogging smartly," McKnight recalls. "Then the film showed the Argos coming out. Guys had black eyes, several were wearing casts on their hands or arms and they were straggling like a pack of soldiers after a route march."

The Argos had played Saturday, Wednesday and Saturday in disposing of Hamilton in the Big Four play-offs and then played Sarnia for the eastern championship the following Wednesday, with the Grey Cup game coming up on the succeeding Saturday—five games in fourteen days. But the Argos were more weary than wounded, and what hurts they had were not the crippling kind, such as torn knee or ankle ligaments, which can immobilize a player.

"Tired muscles are forgotten the instant a guy catches a punch in the mouth," says John Karrys, the line coach of that Argo squad. "Actually we were in good shape."

Prepare for the worst

But Karrys' superior, Frank Clair, pointed lugubriously in a theatrical forecast to the fact his team was battered and bruised. "My boys are in pretty bad shape," he said. "I don't know what to expect." Significantly, however, he did not pinpoint a specific injury that would have set up a player as a target for the opposing offense. Unattractive as the Argos may have looked, none of their injuries was incapacitating, and they didn't have much difficulty handling Edmonton that year, 21 to 11.

Clair and men like Lew Hayman and Eagle Keys, now that he's in charge of Edmonton's pre-game orations, are telling little white lies when they gloomily assess injuries. They are confirmed pessimists who take the darkest possible outlook so they won't be totally grieved if the worst happens.

"I believe you have to be pessimistic about injuries," says Keys, "because you just don't know how well some players will recuperate by game time."

There isn't apt to be a psychological factor attendant upon a coach's pre-game lubrications. He isn't trying to scare the enemy out of town and indeed there is little chance his words would have any effect on the opposition. Most football men reason that by the time a team reaches the final it's about as mentally aroused as it's likely to get, regardless of the heights to which some of the mentors may climb in their oratory.

"When he's talking to his own players in the moments before the team goes on the field," says John Karrys, "a coach usually runs over his own team's various defenses and reiterates the things he wants his players to expect from the other team. Then he throws open the doors of the cage and lets 'em out."

There was once a kind of mass psychology at work on western players, however, according to Bill Boivin, speaking of his years with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers.

"Until Edmonton came along to win the game three years in a row," he says, "I always maintained that the western team arrived in the east with an inferiority complex, due mainly to some very cocky newspapermen in the east."

If this is so, then the papers, paradoxically, were partly responsible for the west shaking its complex. In 1954, just before Edmonton played the Alouettes, a newspaperman wrote that the reason oddsmakers had installed the easterners as 3 to 1 and thirteen-point favorites was that "the Eskimos are a two-bit football team in a $250,000 Grey Cup setting."

Veteran Eskimo guard Frankie Morris bought dozens of copies of the paper and gave one to each Eskimo player. Even after the Esks had beaten the Alouettes 26 to 25, Bill Zock, an Edmonton tackle, was still so incensed that he refused to let anyone open the dressing room door to the press for nearly half an hour.

"The east has lost that definite edge, thanks to Edmonton," Bill Boivin says. "For example the Bombers came back from 14 to 0 to beat Hamilton last year like it was a piece of cake."

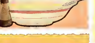
That game, won 35 to 28 by Winnipeg, was one of the rare finals in the past decade in which both teams went on the field in excellent physical condition. It is not a coincidence that each had a relatively easy conquest in its own division, Hamilton whipping Ottawa in the east and Winnipeg winning handily over Edmonton in the west.

But did that silence the coaches? Ha

CAPTAIN MORGAN
Rum Egg Nog

For drink:
(Multiply by no. of guests)
2 oz. Captain Morgan Rum
(Black Label or Gold Label)
1 to 1½ oz. Paul Masson Brandy
1 tbsp. sugar
1 fresh egg (beaten)
1 cup milk

Stir all ingredients except eggs into large, decorative serving bowl. When sugar is dissolved mix in eggs and stir well. Dust with nutmeg or with all spice and ground ginger or clove.



CAPTAIN MORGAN
Hot Buttered Rum

Curly bits of orange peel
1 tsp. brown sugar
4 to 6 whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon
2 oz. Captain Morgan Rum
(Black Label or Gold Label)
1 tsp. butter (unsalted if possible)
1 tsp. Paul Masson Brandy

Put first 4 ingredients into heavy china or metal cup. Pour brandy over all. Turn in 2 oz. Captain Morgan Rum and butter. Fill with almost boiling water. Stir well. Use fresh cloves and peel for next round, but cinnamon stick will last a session.

CAPTAIN MORGAN
Rum Pancakes

¾ cup wheat flour
2 eggs
2 tbsps. melted butter
⅛ tsp. salt
1¼ cups cold milk

Sauce:
½ cup sweet butter
½ cup sugar
1 tbsp. grated orange rind
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
½ cup orange juice
Captain Morgan Rum
(Black Label or Gold Label)

Mix sifted flour, eggs, butter and salt. Gradually add cold milk, mixing for 5 minutes. Into hot, lightly buttered frying pan pour enough batter to make 5-inch cake. Cook two minutes on each side. Roll pancakes (recipe makes 12), place on hot plate, and cover. SAUCE: Melt butter in chafing dish over low flame. Add sugar, orange rind, lemon rind, and juice. Cook 3 minutes. Reheat pancakes in sauce. Add rum to taste. Serves 6.

Baked Ham à la
CAPTAIN MORGAN

1 ham
Whole cloves
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup Captain Morgan Rum
(Black Label or Gold Label)
Fruits for garnish

UNCOOKED HAM: Place, fat side up, in roaster lined with foil, with 1 pt. hot water. Cover and bake in slow oven (300°) allowing 20 mins. per lb. When half cooking time has passed, remove rind, score fat surface in diamond pattern and cover with brown sugar and whole cloves. Pour 1 cup Captain Morgan Rum over all and continue cooking, basting frequently. Remove cover for last ½ hr. Garnish with apples, oranges, pineapple or glazed cherries stuck on long stemmed cloves. PRECOOKED HAM: Heat (approx. 1 hr.) in foil-lined roaster, basting frequently with 1 cup of Captain Morgan Rum. Garnish as above.

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An important contribution to a man's sense of confidence, of well-being.

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NOTE: Perrin gloves, made for both men and women, found at most good stores, can solve many of your difficult gift problems.

Perrin mark registered throughout the world since 1860

8-59R

Hamilton's constant thinker Jim Trimble saw one of the western playoff games and the truth once more invaded him on his return to the east.

"No matter who wins out there," he clucked happily, "they'll give us no trouble."

When Trimble got to Vancouver he laughingly suggested that coaches Grant and Robinson, in their pursuit of their old mentor Trimble, reminded him of two little boys trying to catch a rooster.

Some western football reporters expressed the view after Winnipeg won the Grey Cup that Trimble's words had boomeranged, that they'd aroused the Bomber players to fighting pitch.

But among the people who disagree with this view is the Winnipeg coach, Bud Grant.

"I don't think Trimble or anyone else could have said anything that would have affected our players one way or the other," Grant says. "Our team had been pointing toward Hamilton almost from the moment we went to camp in July. His team had whipped us good in the 57 game and our men were determined to set the record right."

Oddly enough, the reverse of this situation apparently plagued the Montreal Alouettes in their two tries against Edmonton after the one-point loss to the Eskimos in 1954.

"Something went out of us in that game," Montreal's great quarterback Sam Etcheverry related recently. "We didn't deserve to lose—you'll recall that a touchdown scored by Herb Trawick on a recovered fumble was called back on us in the third quarter—and it seemed in the 55 and 56 games against Edmonton that we'd developed some kind of a mental block about them — an inferiority sign, I guess."

Still, mental block or not, it's a fact that the Alouettes were a hospital case literally when they went into the 55 rematch. They'd been so wracked by the Toronto Argonauts in winning the sudden-death eastern final by 38 to 36 that they delayed their departure for Vancouver by two days so that several injured players could rest and be treated in the hospital.

The chart showed Jacques Belec and Johnny Bleicher, both fullbacks, with a sprained shoulder and pulled groin muscles respectively; halfback J. C. Caroline with a sprained ankle; tackle Jim Staton with pulled knee muscles and a swollen elbow; and possibly most notably Hal Patterson, a sixty-minute star designated—acceptably throughout the league—as Mr. Wonderful by announcer Doug Smith, with a gimpy knee and pulled rib muscles.

Adding to Montreal's woes was a balky airplane engine which gave up at Winnipeg in three-below-zero weather as the team headed for Vancouver. After the players had sat for six hours and forty minutes in the airport waiting for the motor to be repaired, team officials decided to bed them down overnight in a hotel. They arrived at Vancouver some fifteen hours behind schedule.

In the game itself the Alouettes were leading 19 to 18 at half time and then their wounds broke open. They were hammered for sixteen points by the Eskimos in the second half without a single response.

The finest line on the Grey Cup game, then, appears to be the manner in which each finalist emerges from its own section. That other line, the one the coaches shoot, is all part of the hysteria attendant upon Grey Cup week. Those coaches! They wouldn't be caught telling the right time. ★

We're mighty undistinguished in Acapulco

No packaging exposition ever gave Golden Velvet an award, or even a second glance. It isn't gift wrapped, frip frapped or even fancily corked. With a whisky like Golden Velvet on the inside and a name like Gilbey's on the outside, a bottle doesn't need any trimmings. Besides, who drinks bottles?

The plainness of Golden Velvet's packaging is matched only by the vagueness of its advertising. We can't tell you to dash down to your liquor store for a bottle, because someone may have beaten you to the last one on the shelf. The shortage of supply is likely to be an embarrassment to us for nearly another seven years (the time it takes to mature this elixir). All we can do is suggest you keep asking. We know you'll like Golden Velvet. People who can tell the difference between a good whisky and a fancy bottle always do.

By the way, here's the label!

GOLDEN VELVET
GILBEY'S
FINEST CANADIAN
WHISKY

How I sell pretty nearly everything

Continued from page 25

out and wants to get her shopping over with, but when she's starting to count her money.

From then on she follows a system of direction signs that we've tried to arrange so that the customer will end up with the lightest things and the frozen foods last. Some customers, especially men, still go through the store like a billiard ball banked off the end cushion, but experienced fast shoppers look up automatically for traffic signs. Customers like to tell one another that they're going the wrong way.

If the customer picks something up there's a fifty-fifty chance that she'll buy it, so we have tables just the right height to be convenient for her inspection. For some reason she likes to pick certain things like laces or shoe polish from a jumble, so we have "dump" displays. She won't break a neat, geometrically arranged display. We always start the first row for her; that is, we leave an unfinished row at the top. If she buys wieners, she looks right away for mustard; if she buys soft drinks, she looks for straws. We make a point of having these related things together.

She tends to buy mostly from eye-level shelves, where we put goods with the biggest volume of sales. She has some peculiar shopping habits. She squeezes all the bread on a twenty-foot shelf, then goes back and takes a loaf from the center. We've never figured out how she can tell whether a loaf of sliced bread is fresh by squeezing it.

Customers want out fast

But customers do tell us about other things. They count the cars in my parking lot and come in and tell me how many there are there. Customers who don't even have a car tell me how many cars I have in my parking lot. A woman buttonholed me the other day to tell me that the "In" door was five feet farther away from the merchandise than the "Out" door and thought it should be changed. I told her that if we did this, when she went out she'd have five feet more to walk than she did now, and she went away happy.

By the time a woman hits the cash register she wants to get out as fast as she can. This is the part where you hand over the housekeeping allowance. Up until then she secretly enjoys it: comparing deals, looking for premiums as if she were panning for gold, holding Javex up to the light like rare old wine, doing her duty and coming as close as modern woman comes to working her fingers to the bone slaving over a hot stove for her family. But when she's through she wants out fast, and she complains if she doesn't move fast enough. I've seen a woman stand for two hours talking to a friend with people pushing carriages past them like traffic passing someone with a flat tire on the freeway, then say good-bye, wait for ten minutes, look up at the clock, ask for me and say she'd been waiting in the line-up for two hours.

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1960 CHEVROLET

There's nothing like a new car — and no new car like a '60 Chevrolet. The Bel Air 2-Door Sedan.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Every tasteful line of this superlative '60 Chevrolet seems to tell the luxury cars to move over — from the proud jut of its prow to the saucy cut of its rear deck. ■ And the hushed elegance of its roomier new Body by Fisher repeats the refrain — with finely tailored fabrics, sofa-wide seats and a lower-than-ever transmission tunnel that'll please you right down to your toes. You'll luxuriate, too, in the way this new Chevy's Full Coil ride — insulated from road shock and noise by thicker, newly designed body mounts — rivals the poise of even the costliest cars. ■ Yet sumptuous as this '60 Chevy is, it remains more dedicated than ever to those proved Chevrolet virtues — economy and dependability. There's a choice of two standard engines that do marvellous things with mileage — the famed Hi-Thrift 6 and a new Turbo-Fire V8 that gets more miles on a gallon of regular gasoline while giving you more "git" at normal speeds. Your dealer's the man to see for the details, including the one we know will delight you most of all — the low price you pay for this superlative Chevrolet luxury! ■ nearest to perfection a low-priced car ever came!

CHEVROLET

IF YOU HAVE A TASTE FOR GREAT SCOTCH
IT'S WHITE HORSE OF COURSE!

Robert Thomas Allen

recalls that the best friends of his youth were never school chums but animals—dogs, cats, rabbits, birds and the local man's horse. He tells of the exciting adventurous dreams they conjured up for a small boy in

"We like animals better than people"

In the next Maclean's On sale Nov 24

Which was perfectly true. She had right in the middle of it.

Between the time a woman enters the store and the time she leaves, she loves to get me explaining things. One time a fresh-air intake was drawing in odors from a faulty incinerator and blowing them out through the store and a woman came up and told me that our barbecued chickens smelled bad. She wasn't buying a chicken. She just thought I'd like to know.

"It's the incinerator, ma'am," I said, "not the chickens. You see, there's a duct up on the roof." I started to explain the whole thing. She listened, pursing her lips, and finally said,

"You ought to be selling things like air conditioners."

"Yeah?" I said. "Well, this duct only operates—"

"If you don't like managing a supermarket why don't you change jobs?"

"Lady," I said, "I love managing a supermarket. If you'll just give me five minutes of your time without interruption I can clear this up. I'll take you up on the roof."

"What for?" she said. "I can see where you're barbecuing the chickens."

I talked to her for at least half an hour. She wasn't mad. She enjoyed it. I was beginning to be fascinated myself but I had work to do.

A while ago we had a sale of long-playing records and a woman came up and asked me whether our recording of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto was as good as the recording made by Toscanini. I wouldn't know a record by Toscanini from a fresh meat loaf but I have a good answer. I said, "I'm sure you won't be disappointed. There's not much give and take between one and the other. Take it home and try it and if it doesn't meet with your approval bring it back for a refund."

A week later she was back on a busy Saturday telling me that the oboe missed a note in the middle of the third movement and the French horn muffed one so [illegible] while I had an ear tuned to the music of eighteen cash registers and a woman was waiting to go on proving to me that she got more ounces of rolled oats for less by buying two ordinary size boxes instead of one giant economy size and I was wondering what to do about a little boy who was refusing to get down off our space ship so another little boy could blast off.

Once a kid gets up on one of our rides, he gets a dazed look in his eye and trying to pry him off it is like trying to get the first package out of a carton. He doesn't care if it's moving. *He's* moving. You can tell by looking at him. But when a cash-customer is waiting with a dime I have to go up and say, "Look, sonny, this other little boy wants a turn. You come back later, eh?"

He gets down, goes to his mother and says that big man made him get off and his mother comes up and wants to know why her Willy hasn't an equal right to go to Mars as somebody else's kid. I explain it all and a light slowly dawns in her eyes as she begins to see the real Willy.

To most kids who help their mothers shop the fact that you pay at the other end is all news to them. One time a little girl and her brother about ten filled a shopping carriage with a week's supply of groceries and pushed it right past the cashiers and out without our seeing it at all (though I don't know yet how) and headed for home to set the table. A woman customer spotted them and told me about it.

When I caught up with them I said, "What have you got there?"

"We've been shopping," the boy said, obviously wishing I would go away.

"Well, wait a minute. I mean let's pretend you're going home this way," I said, pointing back to the store.

The youngsters couldn't understand why. They probably decided Steinberg's was for the birds.

There is one boy I'm keeping my eye on as a potential manager. He has a thing going at the site of a construction job near our store. He gathers up the workers' empty pop bottles, comes in to our store, and buys six bottles for thirty-six cents, then goes back and sells them to the same workers for ten cents each and waits for them to throw the bottles away, then he starts all over again. He even offers premiums. We give little metal rulers away and he comes around often enough to get a supply and gives one away free with each drink. He's only nine and he has saved forty dollars for a trip to Europe. I figure he'll make it by the time he's ten.

The really small fry are among our best customers; they sit in the shopping basket throwing everything in the carriage with Tonto on the carton top, as well as everything else they like, and usually manage it so that their mothers don't notice till they get to the parcel desk. Then as often as not they buy the extra items instead of having to take them back.

Husbands are even better than the kids. A man is a born impulse buyer. He keeps throwing tempting things into the carriage — eight different kinds of cheese, twelve tins of shrimp, lobster and crab meat to put in his hobby shop. He chuckles at the thought of the little snacks he's going to have while working at his lathe. Then he and his wife reach the cash register, he steps over to the magazine counter and starts looking at some cheesecake, and his wife starts taking out all the things he threw in, looking as if she were pulling silk stockings out of his coat pocket.

She calls, "How about this stuff you picked out?"

"What about it?" he says.

"Who's going to pay for it?"

"Aw, come on, kid," he says, "I like lobster."

"I like mink stoles too," his wife says, "but I have to account for where my housekeeping money goes. If you want them you buy them."

When a man shops alone he likes to take the whole thing at a canter and get it over with, and often if his list isn't made out according to the same plan as the store is laid out, he throws the list away and does it all by a sort of mental radar. An hour later his wife comes back with a disgusted look and four dollars' worth of stuff to exchange and does all the shopping over again.

But when a man is held up at the counter he's worse than a woman. You can reason with a woman, tell her how you've got three cashiers away and a stock-room boy just joined the navy and she'll listen with interest, feeling that she's being let in on the business world. But when a man wants out he wants out and you can't reason with him. You can't talk to him. He just says,

"If you don't get me out of here I'll leave the whole damned order."

"We're doing our best, sir."

"Why don't you open that other register and get cracking?"

"The girl's sick."

"Why don't you get another girl?"

"Yes, sir. We've got scouts out."

Whether I'm dealing with men or women I've found that the main thing about managing a supermarket is that you have to be able to get along with people — the men, the women, the kids, the rich, the poor, the calm ones and the ones in a state of nerves.

A while ago I was up at the front of the store peering out over the parking lot for a guy who had been taking my carriage baskets home, then phoning me and trying to sell them back to me for five dollars. I happened to look around just as a woman at the cash register burst into tears. I went over and asked her if anything was the matter and she said "No," and started to cry harder, the way my wife does when I ask her if there's anything the matter.

She kept on helping the cashier and crying and throwing her potatoes on top of her cup cakes and mashing them to a pulp.

"Is there something we've done?" I said.

"It's that husband of mine."

"What did he do?"

"He was supposed to be here an hour ago with some money," she said.

I told her he was probably held up by traffic or a big deal and thought of a few more things I think of when I'm late for supper, and in the middle of it her husband came in.

"Where were you?" his wife said.

"Look, Honey —" he began.

"Don't you honey me!" she said.

He started to tell her what had happened. It was just as I thought. He'd been held up by traffic. By this time I was so involved that without realizing what I was saying I said triumphantly, "You see, Honey?"

She took it in good part. She probably felt that I was one of the family, which is pretty much the way I feel about my customers. It's one of the things I like about managing a supermarket. ★

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WHAT COLOUR IS THE WATER IN YOUR CAR'S RADIATOR?

Thousands of motorists have been saved the expense of costly radiator and cooling system repairs with All-5, an amazing development by the Hollingshead Company of Canada. These car-owners know that All-5 not only stops leaks and seepage, but also retards rust and corrosion, lubricates water pumps and seals cracks in engine blocks.

Among these satisfied users are leading automotive manufacturers. Even before their prestige vehicles come off the assembly line, All-5 is added to every radiator.

Until recently, this has been the All-5 story: maintenance costs lower, engine life prolonged. But *now*, after months of research, the Hollingshead Company of Canada offers motorists a new, exclusive feature. All-5 now contains a *colour indicator*.

Here's what that means to you

Depending on where you live in Canada, the water you use in your car's cooling system is soft, neutral or hard. Hard waters, especially those containing quantities of calcium salts, cause calcification or "liming" of engine blocks. All-5 softens hard waters and prevents this liming action.

Soft water, as taken from many rivers, lakes and deep wells, has a low mineral content, but contains large amounts of carbon dioxide. It is this carbon dioxide which causes rust corrosion and the formation of harmful acids—your cooling system's worst enemies. The alkaline inhibitor in All-5 neutralizes otherwise damaging acids which may be present in soft waters.

Until now there has been one major problem with all makes of cooling system conditioners. The motorist never knew when the conditioner had lost its neutralizing properties. *Now* only All-5 tells you at a glance if you are receiving full protection. When All-5 is added to your radiator, the liquid becomes red. As the months go by and more water is added, the All-5, like all conditioners, eventually becomes over diluted. As soon as this happens the *exclusive* colour indicator in All-5 (and only All-5) automatically turns yellow. Or if the slightest combustion leak develops, the liquid immediately turns a bright yellow. It's as simple as that. Remember—when the liquid in your radiator is red, your cooling system is receiving full All-5 protection against rust and liming.

But don't wait for a leak or seepage to appear in your cooling system before using All-5. The next time you buy gas have the attendant add a bottle of this complete cooling system protection to your radiator.* It can save you costly repairs.

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As gasoline burns, soot and combustion forms in the engine and mixes with the oil. The result is improper lubrication. During cold weather (when oil thickens) the situation is aggravated to the point where hydraulic valve lifters protest with a ticking noise. This is the sound of metal on metal—an unhealthy condition in any engine.

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The next time your car gets up and stronger remember to add JP1. You'll do away with "morning tickness", reduce costly repairs, and lengthen the life of your engine.

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SONY RADIO OF CANADA

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London Letter

Continued from page 10

handing out all this poppycock.

"Are you trying to put over the British Conservatives as the poor man's party?" they will write. "What about your House of Lords? I suppose you count peers among the underprivileged classes."

Well, frankly, the peers are rather underprivileged. Broadly speaking they can only revise the legislation which we originate in the Commons and in the end they must accept us as the masters for the simple reason that we are elected by the people whereas the peers are not elected by anyone at all.

As for company directors and rich landlords, the political setup in Britain would not be altered in the slightest degree if they were all drowned in the sea. That is what Bevan failed to realize in his attempt to stir up the smouldering flames of class hatred.

Now as we diagnose the methods by which the two great parties put their cases in the October election let us consider the impact of television. The Tories opened the TV campaign with a chatty gathering of Conservative ministers starring, of course, Mr. Macmillan. The photography was terrible, the dialogue was clumsy to the point of embarrassment, and the whole impact was feeble to a degree.

Local meetings boomed

But the Tories learned their lesson — just in time. The finest and most effective broadcast was near the end of the campaign when Harold Macmillan, calm, well dressed and serious, talked for half an hour to the hundreds of thousands of unseen viewers.

No longer were we invited to look and listen while the Tory leaders threw first names around and posed as jolly old pals. In my opinion the eve-of-the-poll half hour talk by Macmillan all by himself was worth thousands of votes to the Tory cause.

Now we must try to estimate the part that was played by the newspapers. The mass-circulation tabloid Daily Mirror, which not very long ago libeled Liberace the pianist and had to pay heavy damages, assaulted the Tories from the beginning to the end of the campaign. Lord Beaverbrook's Express group gave sober rather than emotional support to the Tories and the Daily Mail went full out against the socialists.

But the Sunday Observer, the only class rival of Roy Thomson's Sunday Times, startled the Tory pigeons in Trafalgar Square by advising its readers to vote socialist. The spectacle of the rich Astors with their country estates and their town mansions pleading the socialist sense was the biggest laugh of the election.

But now comes a revelation which answered the question that was puzzling the campaign managers of all three parties. What about the local constituency meetings? In other words why should Mr. and Mrs. Smith forsake their TV set with the big boys performing on the screen and go to a school or public hall to hear their local candidates? I don't know why, but they did.

Among other candidates I got my orders from the central party organization which meant that I would have to speak at seven meetings in other constituencies as well as four times in my own. Surely in competition with TV we would be more or less talking to ourselves in half-empty halls.

To the credit of the people these fears proved unfounded. The local meetings drew bigger crowds than ever before.

Let there be no misunderstanding about this. The local candidate can only do so much and, of course, the final result across the country is determined by the national and not the local trend.

That is where Harold Macmillan played not only an important but a decisive role. He denounced the socialists for clinging to the corpse of class distinction. With a compelling sincerity he proclaimed his faith to the TV nation-wide audience: "The class war is obsolete." Then with his voice rising to a climax he proclaimed that it was the socialists who were the enemies of democracy.

There was an element of poignant drama in the closing hours of the election when the announcement was broadcast that Hugh Gaitskell, as leader of the socialist party, conceded victory to the Tories. Next day while the returns were still coming in he went to the BBC and faced the mass audience of the nation.

Young voters were Tory

Here was a man still young in years for a party leader, whose political career seemed to have come to a tragic end. He had fought hard and the nation had rejected him. If there is any certainty in politics it would be that Gaitskell would never lead his party into an election again.

But character is still supreme. Gaitskell spoke on TV with an unforced dignity and without bitterness. The people had voted and he accepted the verdict of the people. He could not say what lay ahead for himself or his party but the struggle for a greater equality of opportunity and security would go on. In defeat was his finest hour.

What was the most significant factor in the whole campaign? To my mind it is the evidence, admitted by all parties, that the under-thirty voters were overwhelmingly Conservative.

Can we then assume that the British people have seen the light and that we shall soon be an island completely inhabited by Conservatives? One has only to ask the question to realize its absurdity.

The election was decided not by personal or party affiliations but by the trend of events throughout the world and by the dominating role that Macmillan had played.

On every Tory platform we pounded the point that Macmillan had penetrated the Iron Curtain. We also reminded our

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SCHICK (CANADA) LIMITED TORONTO 28

audiences that he had persuaded President Eisenhower to visit Britain and France. We even called their attention to the fact that Macmillan, Diefenbaker and R. G. Menzies were Conservatives.

"The whole world is covered with the carpet of socialist pattern," we proclaimed.

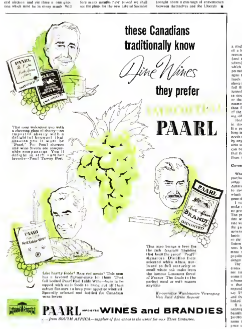
No wonder that Gaitskell, as he admitted defeat on the TV screen, said: "We socialists must think afresh."

So I end my story of the British general election and yet there is one question which must be in many minds. Will the Labor party remain as it is, the only class party in Britain?

In my opinion we are seeing the ultimate dissolution of the socialist party as it stands at the time. The socialists must realize that there is no hope for them if they make the narrow appeal to the working class. And equally, the Liberal party cannot hope to be more than a miniature from the political past if it fights alone.

Therefore it seems inevitable that before many months have passed we shall see the plans for the new Liberal Socialist party. With such a name they could appeal to nice old ladies and respectable suburban dwellers. The social disadvantages of being a socialist would be gone. Liberalism would raise their status and they could look the Tories on the opposite side of the street straight in the face.

I just cannot see the Socialist party maintaining its place or status as it is at present constituted. Labor is dead but it could come alive again if there were brought about a marriage of convenience between themselves and the Liberals. ★



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A plan to protect our savings against inflation

Continued from page 17

a stock is not fixed in dollar terms that of a bond is. If inflation occurs there is reason to expect that stock dividends (and the market value of stocks themselves) will rise. The pension fund to which I contribute decided last year to permit its members to instruct the management to invest up to fifty percent of the funds in common stocks. Those who chose to do so (I was one and I chose the full fifty percent) were agreeing, as it turned out, to have their money invested in stocks that currently yield around two or three percent in preference to Government bonds that are yielding more than five percent. This is just a measure of the fear that people have of continuing inflation.

Hedging against inflation by investing in stocks is a very imperfect solution. It is perhaps better than nothing over the long term but it does not really meet the needs of pensioners. This need is not met by any investment that is currently available to Canadians. But such investments can be made available, and my thesis is that the federal government should make them available.

Government must do it

What pensioners want is a guaranteed purchasing power. They don't care how many dollars they get but what those dollars will buy. The best way for them to invest their funds is in an annuity which would go up and down with the general price index.

I suggest that the federal government make such an annuity available because no private insurance company can do so. The private insurance company can predict with fair accuracy what the death rate will be but it cannot possibly predict the probable future inflation. Moreover, insurance companies invest most of their funds in bonds with fixed dollar yields so their own earnings are eroded by inflation. Endowment type insurance policies have always been a poor investment (though they have enjoyed great popularity in Canada) and inflation danger makes them poorer still.

The federal government already operates an annuities scheme. At the present time the maximum retirement income that can be purchased through the scheme is $1,200 a year. My suggestion is that this scheme should be greatly expanded. The limit should be raised to, say, $5,000 per year at 1959 price levels, and the amount actually paid should be linked to the price level.

If a person contracted for a $4,000 annuity and prices rose two percent, his benefits would automatically rise to $4,080 a year. (We may have to give some thought to constructing a special price index for this purpose — one specially designed to reflect the expenditure patterns of retired people.)

If an indexed annuity of this sort were made available, I would expect that a great many of the pension funds that have recently shifted their money into common stocks would alter their investment plans again and purchase the indexed annuities.

It should be pointed out that an annuity scheme of this sort would not mean that the government was subsidizing the pensioners. On the contrary, this would only assure that pensioners were getting the full value of the contribution that their savings were making to the Canadian economy. The funds they contribute would be used for the expansion of the productive capital of the nation. When prices in general go up the money value of the services rendered by that capital goes up as well. If those who contributed the savings that made that capital possible receive only a fixed dollar return they are plainly having a part of their real contribution filched from them.

Providing indexed annuities for pension funds will not give the pensioners something for nothing. It will merely assure them that they will continue to receive the full productivity of their savings. However, even if the scheme were subsidized to some extent by the government, this would be quite justified, for government revenues are substantially increased by a creeping inflation. Because of the structure of our taxation system, government revenues rise at about twice the speed of the money value of national income. If prices increase two percent, government revenues will, due to the price rise alone, increase by about four percent. It seems hardly more than fair that the government, which is a major beneficiary of inflation, should provide compensation to those who are hardest hit by it.

At the present time, however, the government should actually be able to gain from the sale of indexed annuities. The fear of inflation is very great and pension funds would probably be quite willing to take a rate of interest considerably below that now ruling on long term government bonds to get "inflation insurance." The result would be that the government would be able to borrow funds at lower interest rates by selling indexed annuities than by selling ordinary bonds. To the extent that the *fear* of inflation is greater than the *actual* danger of inflation, as it undoubtedly is at present, this would be a permanent gain to the federal treasury.

I have no doubt that there will be objections to this scheme. The insurance companies will fight it because it might reduce very substantially their own insurance and annuity sales and therefore would reduce the amount of investment funds under their control. The funds in the hands of Canadian insurance companies are, however, much too large at the present time and a substantial reduction in them would be an all round benefit to the Canadian economy in a number of ways.

Some people will argue that if you start indexing pensions you will be forced to go on and index practically everything. I would agree that an economy in which all money contracts were linked to the price index would be an exceedingly cumbersome one. But I cannot see why the offering of indexed annuities for sale will inevitably force us to go on and index everything else. We can stop wherever we want to as long as we have the sense to do so.

I suspect that the greatest opposition to a scheme of this nature will come from the Bank of Canada. The idea of linking *anything* to the price index is anathema to the Bank of Canada. That august institution, however, has a rather warped list of anathemas these days. On this matter its apparent views are not well founded and should be disregarded.

A government annuity linked to the price index would protect the savings that people make for their retirement. This is a necessary objective and the scheme itself is entirely feasible. It should be instituted at the earliest propitious opportunity. ★

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Anticipation is one of the joys of Christmas. Bringing in the tree to be gaily trimmed ... listening to the soft pat of snowflakes on the windowpane ... watching the expectant eyes of the children—these are pleasures we turn over in our minds many months before the event. And there's another pre-Christmas pleasure you needn't wait for. That's the satisfaction of watching a special BNS Christmas Gift Account grow. Even before Santa Claus arrives this year, you can start your BNS Christmas Gift Account for next year. Then each time you make your regular deposit, you'll be reminded that Christmastime, 1960, will be happy for all.

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NOVEMBER ISSUE

** IDEA Why not reserve your copy now?*

Mailbag

continued from page 4

✔ "Unremitting, cold-blooded brutality"

✔ It's a housewife's privilege to hate her job

I WAS SHOCKED by Harold Horwood's revelations about the extermination of the Beothuck Indians in Newfoundland (The People Who Were Murdered for Fun, Oct. 10). The men responsible had all the necessary qualities of abject cowardice and utter callousness to stand forever in a bad-smelling group at the head of the list, the most loathsome specimens in North American history. —P. M. BROOKS, TORONTO

✔ I have never in my life read such an account of unremitting, cold-blooded brutality. In the long sad tale of man's inhumanity to man some pages are better left undisturbed. This sort of fare may appeal to the "sick, sick" mentality but it has no place whatever in a national magazine. —MRS. KEITH C. FRANKLIN, MAXVILLE, ONT.

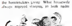
✔ Thank you for publishing the article . . . I think the gesture of the Beothuck woman in baring her breasts was misinterpreted. It seems less likely a preparation for death than an attempt to avoid death by demonstrating they were women. —J. I. ROBERTSON, FREDERICTON, N.B.

Mining news not withheld

I enjoyed reading The Rough and Tumble World of Penny Stocks (Sept. 26). However, the reference to me selling Consolidated Denison shares prior to drilling results which indicated we had the largest uranium mine in the world, then withholding the news in order to buy the stock back, is nothing more than the figment of someone's imagination. —STEPHEN B. ROMAN, PRESIDENT, CONSOLIDATED DENISON MINES LIMITED, TORONTO.

Housewives' hateful jobs

You Don't Have To Like Your Job (For Sake of Argument, by Maxwell Drake, Oct. 10) is a wonderful thing for housewives. Things like aptitude tests and experts urging people to take jobs they like doing are silly for the uninitiated in the homemaking group. What housewife always enjoyed stooping to look under the bed for lost shoes, supervising Mary's music practice while holding the baby on her knee and settling a quarrel among the other children in the bedroom while frantically getting supper on by six? No matter what they can invent (unless I'm way behind the times in this miraculous space age) can lighten the load for many women whose work begins at five and ends at midnight or later. —MRS. V. I. FLETCHER, LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.



Springhill's unemployed

Blair Fraser's Is Unemployment Here To Stay? (Aug. 29) was educational up to a point, the point being the Springhill situation. This is vastly inaccurate. "Of the 4,000 workers thrown out of employment by the Springhill disaster—" where did Mr. Fraser get that figure? The greatest number employed in coal mining in Springhill at any one time was 1,600. This was in wartime when miners worked six days a week. —ELMON R. SMITH, SPRINGHILL, N.S.

For faulty research Maclean's apologizes. The weekly Springhill Record quotes the unemployment figure following the 1958 mine disaster at 1,400.

Too, too American

I receive Maclean's each fortnight, but on account of its content the magazine is removed from the house before our young children have a chance to read it. Here are but a few examples of the erroneous spelling, taken at random: "parlor, program, modeling, vise, defense, color, less, Labor." Why is it that Canadians so often bemoan the fact that their country is becoming merely another U.S. state with a separate flag, while at the same time they consistently ape the Yankees in their way of life, education, speech, advertising, media, flamboyant clothing, etc.?—MRS. P. M. SIMPSON, LEEDS, ENGLAND

✔ I do not want in my house a magazine that prints such rubbish as Let's Apply for Admission as the 51st State (June 6) and similar claptrap. This sort of material influences weak-minded individuals with no backbone and with little of the patriotic zeal required to make Canada a robust country within the Commonwealth. I want a magazine that will, by every known trait and character in its writings, discourage the silent taking-over of our country by the United States that has been quietly proceeding since World War II. I will drop Maclean's until it demonstrates to me that it is a truly Canadian magazine. —WILLIAM F. [illegible], TORONTO.

Sheltered workshops

Thank you very much for the complimentary remark about the work of the sheltered workshop operated by the Jewish Vocational Service, one of the agencies of our Federation of Jewish Community Services of Montreal (Preview, Oct. 10). Your final note on it seemed to indicate that this is a project of the Jewish Vocational Service in Toronto. The Montreal and Toronto agencies are separate in all respects and are supported by their respective Jewish welfare funds. —ALLAN [illegible], FEDERATION OF JEWISH COMMUNITY SERVICES OF MONTREAL, MONTREAL ★

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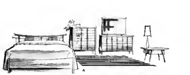

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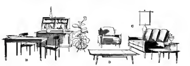

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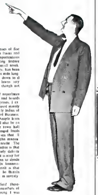
My part in the Stratford adventure

continued from page 14

"They were waiting for me to Give my Advice"



dignified and charming avenues of fine old maples behind which in lawns and gardens sit comfortable unpretentious homes. But the most striking feature of Stratford is its park. A small creek, tributary to the River Thames, has been dammed to form a lake over a mile long; round it are ancient willows, down to it slope wide meadows, almost lawns, airy and quiet and, by Canadian though not Irish standards, green.

In thirty years I have had experience of many sorts of committees and boards who manage theatrical enterprises. I expected that this one would consist mainly of artistic and available elderly ladies of both sexes, with a sprinkling of Business men to restrain the Artistic People from spending money. There would also be an Anxious Nonentity from the town hall briefed to see that no municipal funds were promised but also to see that if any success were achieved the municipality would get plenty of credit. The point about this sort of committee is that the artistic ones have extremely definite views but so conflicting that it is easy for a tiny minority of Businessmen to divide and conquer. Prudent sensible business-like counsel prevails. The result is that nothing whatever gets done. In Britain the average age of members is seventy three.

My first surprise at Stratford, therefore, was to find that most members of the committee were quite young. I was almost the oldest person present. The second surprise was to find that the males outnumbered females by about five to one. The women spoke seldom but when they did so their remarks were mostly briefer and more practical than those of the men.

The third and greatest surprise was now to come. The committee was unanimous in wishing to organize a festival. It had given proof of this by raising a fund out of members' own pockets to get me out to give advice; now, instead of excited babble quickly turning to acrimonious dispute, there was a silence. They were waiting with every appearance of interest, even of respect, for me to Give my Advice.

I advised against producing Shakespeare in the open air. Even if the weather can be counted upon — and it never can — the open air is full of distractions. Many are pleasant — the setting sun, the rising moon, the shimmering of leaves, the scent of flowers. But there are less pleasant ones too — the insect kingdom, the foggy, foggy dew, the insistent noises of trains far-off and not so far-off, of barking dogs, of angry babies. The works of Shakespeare require, if they are to be intelligible, close and undistracted attention.

We agreed that there was no suitable building in Stratford which could serve as a theatre. We agreed that to erect a permanent theatre until the festival was an accomplished success, until it had been proved that there was in fact an audience, would be a wild extravagance. We agreed to explore the possibilities of a tent theatre.

We agreed — and here my respect for the committee was great, and the more I think of it the greater it grows — that to present Shakespeare even adequately is a very, very expensive proposition, so expensive that there could be no hope of making ends meet in the first year, a comparatively slender hope that ends would ever meet. This was agreed, and still the committee was resolved to raise the needful funds and go forward. I did not minimize the financial risk or technical difficulties.

We agreed that, since an auditorium of some kind would have to be created, even if only under a tent, it should not be just in the tradition of a nineteenth-century opera house.

I did not then discuss with the committee all the theoretic considerations. At this point we were discussing the building from a strictly practical point of view and I was merely suggesting that in my opinion and that of most professionals whom I thought best qualified to judge, the best practical results would be got from a stage which closely conformed to what is known of the stage for which Shakespeare wrote, and by relating the audience to that stage in a manner which approximated to the Elizabethan manner.

We agreed that the project must manifestly be of some size in order to attract sufficient attention; that for this purpose one production would not be enough. Moreover, we felt that it was wise to have, as it were, a second barrel to our gun. If we missed with the first, we would have another chance with the second. More than two productions were felt to be impracticable, partly on grounds of expense, partly because of the time needed for preparation.

Finally we agreed that the project must be demonstrably a Canadian one, carried out not merely by Canadian initiative, and with Canadian finance, but by Canadian actors. But we also agreed that this need not preclude the committee from seeking the assistance of a limited number of people from Britain or elsewhere. We agreed that not merely the sale of tickets but the whole status of the project would be greatly assisted if we could secure the services of an actor of the highest quality and international fame.

All this was thrashed through in one evening. Goodish going.

At this time the committee had no legal status. It was no more than a gathering of interested citizens charged to investigate the project but not empowered to take further action. Shortly after this it was incorporated on a legal basis — The Stratford Shakespearean Festival of Canada Foundation, with a charter setting forth its aims. The ideas upon which we had agreed that night in July were now beginning to take practical shape.

Even before this, however, before the committee was more than an informal, irresponsible body of enthusiasts, and before Tom Patterson had been appointed general manager, he was sent by the committee to London with power to engage a "star" actor, a director and a designer.

Our first choice for the leading actor had been Alec Guinness. Rather to our surprise as well as delight he agreed to accept the Stratford offer in preference to the many other engagements which are always available to the few at the top of any professional tree. Certainly some of the other offers were more lucrative and I think it is true to say that the deciding factors were the opportunity to play Shakespeare in the particular conditions which our stage afforded and also to take part in what he felt to be a pioneering venture of a gallant and outlandish kind, a venture which, if successful, might have lasting and important results.

Other purchases made by Tom Patterson on this eventful shopping trip were Tanya Moiseiwitsch as designer, myself as director. Cecil Clarke, who for some years had been production manager at the Old Vic, was to join our team as my assistant at the conclusion of the Old Vic season.

Miss Moiseiwitsch and I, who are old collaborators, had long dreamed of such a stage as was now to come into being. We were agreed that, while conforming to the conventions of the Elizabethan Theatre in respect of practicalities, it should not present a pseudo-Elizabethan appearance. We were determined to eschew Ye Olde. Rough sketches on the backs of envelopes gave place to careful drawings. Like every good designer, Moiseiwitsch knows not only what she wants a thing to look like but why, and also knows how it is made. Drawings gave place to detailed construction plans. Finally a model was made — an exact replica of the stage which was eventually built.

By the end of 1952 Guinness and I had narrowed down the choice of plays. We felt that in one of the two plays he must play a "star" part; in the other his part should not dominate, the emphasis should be on the team. We felt, moreover, that the two plays should contrast; that it would be a mistake to suggest two histories, two comedies or two tragedies.

Richard III was agreed upon fairly soon. He wanted to play it. I agreed that it was a suitable vehicle. We both felt that the complicated genealogy, the rather obscure historical background, was probably a drawback for Canadian audiences but might be offset by the strong thread of melodrama.

For the second play we suggested All's Well, largely because it offers such an even distribution of good parts and because of the bold contrast with Richard III. Its unfamiliarity, which would be a great handicap to popularity in London, seemed to matter less in Stratford, where all the Shakespearean plays were almost equally unfamiliar. We also felt that it would make for a better team feeling between the British and Canadian actors

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CANADA POST OFFICE

PO-59 IM.

If one of the two plays were as new to us as to them.

Shortly before Christmas 1952, I returned to Canada to see actors. The project by now had received a great deal of publicity. There was considerable interest among the actors and I was faced by a formidable list of people who wished to be considered for engagement.

In ten days, first in Montreal then in Ottawa and finally in Toronto, I saw three hundred and seventeen people. I narrowed this down to about sixty Probables, about whom I had notes as to size, shape, coloring and my own very personal reaction to our meeting. In addition there were about another sixty who, for one reason or another, were Possibles.

The rejects were those who had no experience or who failed to convince me that they were seriously prepared to do a job of work. I turned no one down for being plain or shy or because of the way he was dressed.

The Probables were mostly people who had some considerable experience in some field or other of dramatic art. In Canada it is idle to expect many people to have had professional experience except in radio or television. But I have never felt the distinction between professional and amateur to have much more than monetary significance. So great was the actors' interest that only three of those whom we approached turned down our eventual offer.

Meantime on the administrative side a good deal was happening. A suitable site was found in the park which borders the River Avon. Land was made available by the Province of Ontario. Robert Fairfield of Toronto was engaged as architect to design the auditorium and supervise the construction. A firm was found in Chicago willing to make, erect and maintain a tent large enough to cover the stage, auditorium and dressing rooms.

The committee now began to find itself faced with very large expenditure indeed. It had been foreseen, the budget had been quite sensibly prepared and the response to the financial campaign had so far been distinctly encouraging. Nonetheless there remained a vast yawning chasm between Funds in the Bank and Projected Expenditure.

It was about now that the Jeremiahs began to have a good time, the Headshakers, the fingerwaggers, all the vast majority of mankind who derive almost their keenest pleasure from the words "I told you so." It is at about this period that one must admire and respect the guts of the committee. It was still just not too late to withdraw.

From behind lace curtains, discreetly from neighboring cities, patronizingly from well-informed circles, with authority from the local paper, repeatedly were heard unctuous voices prophesying flop. "It's never been done before," these voices whispered. "You must have enough money to cover expenses before you begin," they warned. "Canadians just hate Shakespeare." "Where are the visitors going to stay?" "It's never been done before. Wait for a year or two." "Where is the money coming from? Where will the audience come from? It's never been done before."

There was still time to withdraw. Contracts has not actually been signed. The committee was divided. After a particularly stormy meeting two influential members stamped out and slammed the door. They considered that enough money to cover the entire expenditure of the project must be in the bank before it was safe, or indeed honest, to go ahead. One of the defecting members was a leading accountant in the city, the other was the proprietor of the local newspaper. Their loss was a serious blow.

The remaining members of the committee were considerably shaken but resolved to carry on. But from now on the project was the target of more and more local snipers. Public confidence had been shaken, and from now on the self-confidence of the committee was only maintained by an ever-increasing effort of will at ever-increasing nervous cost.

In March Cecil Clarke preceded me to Canada. He is a short, strong-looking individual. He has worked in the theatre all his life with the exception of the war years. He joined the army as a private soldier. At the end of the war and at the age of twenty-seven he was a lieutenant colonel.

His first duty in Canada was to see again all the actors whom I had seen so that there should be two opinions on the casting. Our two opinions, arrived at quite independently, were virtually coincident. We both realized that there were probably many good actors whose services we could not use, but on the whole we were very pleased with those we had and confident that the scheme would not fail because the acting was inadequate. We also considered it a reassuring sign that such a large proportion of those to whom offers were made were willing to accept. No bush fire spreads faster or can be so damaging as the word-of-mouth reaction of theatrical people to a plan. It was apparent that the professional reaction to the Stratford project was favorable and bespoke some confidence in its success.

Foot notes

Some boys are little gentlemen,
But ours, alas, is not one.
He seldom puts his best foot forth.
In fact, we doubt he's got one!

BETTY ISLER

The next task for Cecil Clarke was to set up a production mechanism. There were several hundred dresses to be made, armor, jewelry, accessories and properties of diverse kinds. Canada, with virtually no professional theatre, has few resources in these matters. It was agreed that it would probably be less expensive and certainly a great deal more satisfactory to employ our own staff to cut and make most of the dresses. We were able to engage two experienced technicians from Britain, Ray Diffen, a brilliant theatrical cutter, and Jacqueline Cundall, to make accessories and properties.

It is not sufficiently appreciated how much the whole style of a production owes to the work of technicians whose names either do not appear or to whom some form of acknowledgment is made among the advertisements at the end of a program in illegibly small type. If the productions at Stratford had a unified and distinguished visual style, it is not only because the designs of Moiseiwitsch had that style. It is because Diffen in the cutting of the clothes, and Jacqueline [illegible] the making of properties [illegible] were able to interpret the designs creatively, not merely to make an unimaginative copy of a blueprint.

This, I think, was the great difficulty that faced us in the preparation of the productions. Canada, like the United States, is organized for mass production

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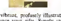

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(Advertisement)

The Amazing Potentialities of Memory

I thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes on Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures.

Borg then told me that his powers of memory would probably amaze me — and I had known him while we were studying law together in Paris as having the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down, and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers; for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen, and which seems so remarkable, is in fact quite simple. Everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty."

He then *revealed* to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret — with no mistakes and without the least [illegible] as I have [illegible].

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember with unbelievable facility the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met — even those I met only once — as well as their addresses and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. Finally I discovered [illegible] *richness of our mind* [illegible] *and variety* of the things we remember.

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask D. O. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success* — he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address: *D. O. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road, Rathgar, Dublin, Ireland.*

Write now — while copies of this book are still available. J. CONWAY

"Little did anyone know what an unruly, squalling brat we'd bring forth"

It is possible once materials and designs are agreed upon to get enormous armies [illegible] made very much [illegible] by machinery at comparatively low prices. It is almost impossible to get people to bother to make something for which there is no mass demand, for which no [illegible] which requires craftsmanship.

Shoes were the first problem. For Richard III we required shoes of a shape and in materials and colors which bore no resemblance to the shoes mass produced for the public. Similarly, for military uniforms in All's Well we required boots of a particular style. In neither case could we think of affording the enormous prices which almost any custom-made article commands in the New World.

Eventually a good Jewish craftsman was located in a residential district of Toronto who was prepared to make a sample pair of boots for Richard in accordance with Moiseiwitsch's sketch and of materials for which he was prepared to search. The sample, after many modifications, was excellent. The old bootmaker was delighted to feel that his skill was valued again and would be employed. Too old for the rush and flurry of competitive mass production, he was still a first-rate craftsman. Given time and helped by his son, he turned out over fifty pairs of boots at a most reasonable price which simply could not have been got in any other way. Similarly a Czech craftsman in another district, [illegible], was prepared to make the boots for All's Well when all the big firms had refused to consider the order because it did not conform to any mass production schedule.

From April until my arrival in Canada late in May 1953 I had almost daily letters from Cecil Clarke. Jacqueline Cundall was established in a workshop at Stratford with a staff mostly recruited from the School of Art in Toronto and the universities in Toronto and Montreal; the making of armor had begun — felt stiffened with size [illegible] more than fifty breastplates and fifty helmets were needed; it was reassuring to know that a start had been made. The Little Bootmaker had produced another sample, better than the first effort, still not quite the ticket. Ray Diffen had arrived in Toronto and professed himself tolerably satisfied with the workroom.

This was a matter of great relief to Tanya and myself in England. Ray is a star of the first magnitude in his particular firmament; we were terribly worried that he might have thrown a temperament and walked out.

Next letter: no one would undertake the All's Well uniforms. How many crosses would be carried in the scene of Richard's coronation? Please send detailed drawings at once. Meantime actors' contracts have been issued. Work on the site has begun.

The next letter enclosed a photograph of the chairman of the committee cutting the first sod in weather which was evidently inclement, and reiterated requests about the crosses.

The chairman, Doctor Harrison Showalter, is a remarkable character. He graduated with a Ph.D. during the Depression and, unable to find suitable scope for his gifts and education, became a manufacturer of soft drinks. He is a staunch and resourceful man, is a crusader and a pillar of the Baptist Sunday School. He did not know much and made no pretensions to know anything about the Art of the Theatre or the Business of Theatrical Promotion. Little did he know when he accepted the chairmanship of this enterprise what a heavy load of anxiety he was assuming. Little did any of that gallant committee know what an unruly, squalling monstrous brat they were going to bring forth. Little did they know.

The next letter from Cecil enclosed a copy of the chairman's speech on the occasion of Cutting the First Sod — short, simple and [illegible] sermon. Cecil thanked me for the designs for the crosses. The Little Bootmaker had produced a wholly satisfactory sample and was now Going Ahead. Jacqueline had thought it could [illegible] the end-sitting [illegible]. Black stockings for the troops in All's Well would be cheaper than khaki. Would black do?

The next letter, early in May, sounded a faint but unmistakable note of warning. The money was not coming in quite as fast as the committee had hoped. Jackie's cold was worse.

We had heard that the Appeal for Funds had made an excellent start in Stratford. Cecil's note was disquieting. By now there were six of us in England who were committed to the plan: Guinness, Tanya Moiseiwitsch and myself and in addition Irene Worth, Douglas Campbell and Michael Bates.

Tanya and I were sharing the Clarke correspondence. We consulted Alec Guinness. Ought we to tell the others that all was possibly not going to end well? We decided that there was nothing we could any of us do; that therefore there was no point in [illegible] to our three friends, and even less in adding to the embarrassment in Stratford by anxious cables. We resolved on Stiff Upper Lips and Rising Above.

In the next letter Jackie's cold was better but the financial crisis was worse. Work on the tent in Chicago had bee

The festival tent [illegible] cost $50,000. Guthrie found train whistles [illegible] within and drowned actors' lines. But this was solved when the tent was replaced by a $2,000,000 building.

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Alec Guinness: at the worst of the financial crises, offered to act for nothing.

suspended pending the receipt of an advance payment which the committee at Stratford could not meet. Only by thumping the table had Cecil been able to get cash to pay the workers in the wardrobe and property shops.

In the next letter Jenkins told was worse again and the financial crisis had got into the Canadian press. Several of the firms who were supplying goods were, not unnaturally, insisting on payment in advance.

These must have been black days in Stratford. A single bright spot in the darkness: the contractor who was preparing the site kept right on working. He had decided that the honor of the community was at stake and that whether he were paid or not his part in the whole plan would go forward.

The next event which I can remember clearly was a wire from Dr. Showalter requesting me to be available for a telephone call from Canada on a Saturday afternoon. By now Guinness was due to sail on the Mauretania the next Monday. Tanya Moiseiwitsch and I were in the throes of dress rehearsal for a large production of Henry VIII at the Old Vic. It was opening on the Wednesday night after which we too were due to leave for Canada.

My wife and I invited Tanya and Alec for lunch at our house. It was a brave feast. Then the telephone rang. I lifted the receiver. The others clustered close. All were in rather a state, white to the lips. It was my sister to ask if she had left her spectacles on the mantelpiece. When the bell rang again we all felt better. Harry Showalter gave a brief resume of the financial situation. It was serious but not yet utterly desperate. The committee was divided as to the best course to pursue. How did I feel about postponing the whole thing for a year?

I should like to be able to report that across the ether my voice rang, strong and clear — a Rallying Call that Saved the Day, a Note of Steady Confidence, the Horn of Roland. In fact I asked a few footling questions, hummed and stuttered, said I must consult my colleagues and would call back in half an hour.

I then reported that we all felt postponement would be utterly fatal. Better to abandon the whole plan than either to postpone or to proceed with faint hearts and a reduced budget.

Of course the committee was in a ghastly position. The tent alone was costing a fortune. They had contracts with forty or fifty actors in Canada, contracts with, or commitments to, the architect, to the builder, the butcher, the candlestick maker, to say nothing of the good Little Bootmaker at that very instant stitching away at the mighty third boot. To proceed was certainly to court a very serious financial risk, but there was just a chance of considerable incomings at the box office and of considerable prestige. To postpone or abandon involved, as I saw it, no very great financial saving — the big commitments had already been made — but removed any possible chance of saving the day. Empty pockets and rubber checks were the only possible prospect.

Alec Guinness chivalrously said he was ready, if they wished, to acquit them of any liability in the matter of his contract. But what we all at our end of the line agreed we must have and at once was a definite decision. We seemed to hear the Mauretania hooting wanly in the trees outside the window. We were sincerely sorry, we said, for the committee; we hated to add to their anxieties, but we must know within twenty-four hours whether the Festival were on or whether the Festival were off. Also we must have the chairman's personal assurance that if the decision were to go ahead it meant going ahead at full steam and not going off at half cock.

Next day, in the middle of Katherine of Aragon's death scene, came a wire: "DECIDED PROCEED STOP ASSURE YOU FULL STEAM AHEAD."

Even after this, I understand, there was yet another major crisis. Yet again the whole project was almost abandoned. But to none of this was I a witness. I am only reporting what I know at first hand. There was, I know, an exceedingly handsome anonymous subscription. There was a telegram of exhortation and encouragement from the Governor General of Canada who had read in the press that the venture was in trouble. But the precise factors which turned the scale are unknown to me. By the time we reached Stratford — Tanya, my wife and I — all was relatively calm. The financial situation was still grave but steadily improving.

There was, however, one grave hangover from the crisis: the tent. It had originally been agreed that it should be ready by the time we began rehearsals, that is the first week in June. For six weeks we were to rehearse on our stage *in situ*. Work, however, had stopped in Chicago pending the payment of a sum which the committee was only now beginning to be able to meet. No one knew exactly when the tent would arrive. "But don't worry," said the committee, "there's still plenty of time." I regret to say there was also a tendency to add, for the benefit of silly slow old Europeans, "Things out here move a lot faster than You Folks can possibly imagine."

Rehearsals started in a temporary hut in the fair ground. A long wooden shed roofed with corrugated iron. It was vast. It was dry. It had electric light. It had no plumbing, but the fair ground is roomy and had been planted with lovely clumps of thick green shrubs. In the shed a replica of our stage had been built. Here we were to rehearse until the tent arrived.

The whole arrangement was very satisfactory except in two respects. The acoustics of the building were such that the lightest whisper became an enormous booming noise. Normal speech was almost too loud to be endured by the naked ear and totally unintelligible. Giants and giantesses seemed to be shouting through the vaults of a cathedral jointly designed by Cecil B. de Mille and Orson Welles.

The sparrows kept dying

The second drawback was the sparrows. Several dozens of them had built in the rafters of our shed. It was a sparrow slum. By day it was comparatively quiet, but toward evening when the Business Sparrows came back home their love life became most obtrusive. Boy Sparrow would meet Girl and pursue her all over our stage. They were impervious to lent or for that matter shame. Scenes of unbridled bird life made the life of Richard III seem very anemic and suburban.

Still there was no sign of the tent. Anxiety began again. The financial crisis was over. Subscriptions had now passed the estimated amount and were still coming in. The member of the committee who was also the bank manager was reported to be smiling once more and only occasionally walking in his sleep. But now, if one met our chairman, an air of panic seemed to loom in the air above his hat. A king's ransom was spent on long-distance calls to the tentmaker in Chicago. Fabulous numbers of women were reported to be stitching day and night.

Days pass. The words of the plays are now known, but, owing to the acoustics of the shed, no one has yet heard any lines but his own. Lips are seen to move, gigantic but unintelligible noises resound in the building, punctuated by the thumps of baby sparrows hurtling to their doom. These noises make a Wagnerian accompaniment to the musing of two Shakespearean plays. It is an interesting new Art Form, avant garde, but searing to the nerves.

Days pass. No tent. Three members announce that, after the autopsy which will follow the mass suicide of the committee, graven on their hearts will be the name *Chicago*.

Came the dawn. Chicago telegraphed

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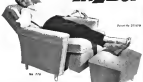

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DEMERARA OR JAMAICA

that more women than ever before were stitching countless bolts of costume and that the tent would reach The Yards on Tuesday.

Nobody seemed quite to know what or where were The Yards. Still it was nice to know that on Tuesday a tent was going anywhere at all.

It was nicer still when on the Saturday Skip Manley appeared. Skip was the Tent Man. He travels the world putting up, looking after and taking down enormous tents. He had come from Iowa where he had been in charge of a Gospel Tent. Nightly several hundred people had plunged fully clad into a baptismal tank. After a season of Shakespeare with us he was booked to look after a Circus Tent in Venezuela.

Mr Manley was a lean midwesterner. He brought with him a bag of hardware and kept making calculations on odd scraps of paper. He referred to the tent as "She" and the hardware — iron rings, chains, swivels and so on — were all part of the apparatus which would raise Her from the ground.

I never saw him except in working dress — he was a hard and dedicated worker — and for work in all weathers he wore a white panama hat with a pink and gold ribbon, a pair of very very old trousers which had once been white, brown shoes of basketwork with pointed toes and an intricate design and a shirt made of pink and silver brocade — the sort of garment which, in Europe, old ladies wear for evenings at pensions at Bath, Lucerne or Wiesbaden. In Britain they call them Bridge Coatees.

On the bony workworn fingers of the Tent Man there flashed and flickered jeweled rings. When at last She did arise from the ground half Stratford turned out to see Her go up. It was a sight worth watching. Four sixty-two-foot poles of Douglas fir were moored in position by guys of steel wire. Skip directed the operation like a foreman conducting a symphony. Each pole was drawn up and held in place by four guy wires. Two of these were operated by hand — two teams of fifteen men; the other two were attached to tractors. Skip would sign first to this group to pull so far, then to that; then, with the sweep of a jeweled hand he would bring the first tractor into play, holding the remainder of his forces at the ready as though they were trombones waiting to make an entry. The whole tricky delicate operation took a day and a half. Thereafter the great expanse of canvas was hoisted comparatively quickly and easily. In another day or two we were able to rehearse in the tent.

There remained a great deal of work to be done in the preparation of the building, work which had had to wait until after the erection of the tent. The only way for this to be accomplished and for the plays to be ready was by arranging a twenty-four-hour schedule of work, night and day, and sticking to it come hell or high water. The chairman called a meeting of all departments: the building contractor, the electrical engineer, the plumber, Skip Manley, Cecil Clarke and myself. We agreed that from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. the theatre should be available for rehearsal. That meant the suspension of all constructional activities. The various departments agreed that they would work at night. Each day at lunchtime we were all to meet and report progress.

Of course, just by making a schedule we were not getting out of the wood. The electrical department kept lagging behind. A team of wood polishers brought in to finish the surface of the stage imparted so high a gloss to the boards that none of the actors could take a step without slipping. A morning was spent rehearsing All's Well on ice, which could ill be spared from more orthodox production methods. And then a precious night was wasted removing the gloss so laboriously applied.

I cannot pay a sufficiently warm tribute to the people concerned with getting the building finished. First of all they appreciated that it really was necessary to be ready by the appointed date. For people who are not used to that sort of schedule this is quite a hard thing to grasp.

I had not realized the acoustic peculiarity of tents. Or was our tent unique in this? Any sound which occurred inside the tent seemed of normal size. Any sound from without was enormously magnified. The railway shunting yards were a mile away, yet the engines seemed to clang, the hooters hoot, upon the

[illegible] Well That Ends Well [illegible] out for the [illegible] and boots in Richard III

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stage. Ball games on a diamond several hundred yards from the tent seemed to come from invisible neighbors in our front row. Most disconcerting of all were our visitors. For the first few days after we moved into the tent the rehearsals, particularly in the evening, were an object of great local curiosity.

Multitudes would lurk in the spring twilight outside the skirts of the great tent. On the whole their behavior was impeccable. Occasionally they would lift the skirts and peek, but only surreptitiously, only occasionally. They knew they must not interrupt. But it was this reticence that made all this so tricky. A juvenile head would appear under the canvas momentarily, slyly, six inches from the ground. Then an enormously magnified whisper from outside would say: "WELL?" The head would withdraw. Then the huge whisper would reverberate: "YOU'RE SURE IT WAS ALEC GUINNESS?"

Then there were the electric storms. Hardly had we raised our tabernacle before God saw fit to send them—a mighty rushing wind which made the ropes creak and strain, canvas flap, the whole great edifice lurch like a ship at sea, like a film set for Moby Dick. Then bingo! The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed and the rain would beat like a million kettledrums on our roof. She stood it all magnificently, she hardly leaked at all. But great canvas lemons would hang down where water had collected, disgusted-looking udders. In the drumming darkness, the actors' rehearsal suspended, would see Skip Manley dash hither and yon with a knife attached to a long, long pole, slashing the lemons. There would be a flash of rubies and diamonds, a ripping sound and then cascades of warmish dirty water. Then the sun would burst out and rehearsals would begin again in clouds of steam. It was like preparing a play in a Turkish bath.

Canada must speak maturely

The storms passed. But till half an hour before the public assembled for the opening night a tiny figure might be seen clambering about on the enormous, sagging expanse of terra-cotta-colored canvas, rubies and diamonds flashed in the sunlight and in the moonlight too, drawing together with exquisite tiny surgical stitches the wounds he had himself inflicted to save her from destruction.

We opened. The plays were ready. The theatre was ready. But most important of all the audience was ready. This was the reason for the festival's signal success: the audience was ready. The public wanted it to succeed.

Even before we opened it was apparent that the project had captured the imagination of the Canadian press and had behind it a powerful trade wind of public goodwill.

Canada is now potentially the richest nation in the world. Canadians know this and know further that riches mean power and responsibility; that if Canada is honorably to fulfill its destiny it is not enough just to be rich and powerful. Canada must speak in the councils of the world not with the cracked, brash accents of millionaire adolescence but must speak with maturity. To an extraordinary degree this theatrical project in a small provincial town symbolized Canada's desire for mature and if possible distinguished artistic expression.

But Canada is not only very rich. If you are not passionately interested in ice hockey, hunting or family bridge in the home beautiful, it is also pretty dull. Stratford was doing something which dozens of other rich provincial, unsophisticated but not therefore unintelligent little towns knew to be courageous and lively.

Naturally I do not mean that any more than a tiny minority of Canadians were fully conscious or articulate about all this. But I deduce that some such feelings resulted from the intense interest in the project even before the plays had opened, and the tremendous welcome given to them after.

We were further and powerfully assisted by leading drama critics from New York who took the trouble to come to the opening performances and wrote enthusiastically of what they saw. This was just what we needed. Canadians, very understandably and through the modesty of inexperience, lack self-confidence in artistic judgment. They are apt to wait to be told what to like and why. They are apt to regard an opinion from New York, London or Paris as carrying more authority than the same opinion, equally well expressed, in Montreal or Toronto. And now to find the New York critics outsinging even the local newspaper in praise set the seal upon artistic success and ensured the prosperity of the new festival.

In five successive years the audiences have been immense and the prestige undiminished. The tent has been replaced by a handsome and interesting new theatre, incorporating the original stage and original central arena. The federal government of Canada and the provincial government of Ontario have both subscribed handsomely from the public purse, thereby confirming official recognition of the festival's contribution to Canada. The leading American critics have continued to attend and to praise. Success at this festival has brought professional status to Canadian actors in their own country, and to several of them prominent engagements in New York and Hollywood.

Credit where credit is due. The most influential factor in the success has been in my opinion the timeliness of the project.

The next credit is due to the committee in Stratford. In its early stages none of its members were eminent personages, all were local. Anyone who has lived in a small community will know the kind of difficulties which they faced: not just the inertia of the vast mass of citizens, the total lack of interest, but the positive hostility which is always aroused by everything new, which is thrice venomous if the innovation is admittedly long-haired, thrice times thrice when it is also conspicuous, expensive and risky. The members of that committee braved this hostility with absolutely no hope of financial gain if the venture succeeded and with every certainty not only of financial loss but moral and social disgrace if it failed.

Third and last credit: the productions were not bad. It is not for me to assess the quality in that first season when I directed both the plays. But I can view most of the later productions with detachment. The Canadian companies have been good, but on average no better than an average company at the Old Vic or Stratford, England. But the productions in my opinion have seemed livelier and fresher because of the design of the theatre. ★

This is an excerpt from the forthcoming book A Life in the Theatre, copyright © by Tyrone Guthrie 1959, to be published soon by the McGraw-Hill Company. A second excerpt will appear in the next issue.

GILBEY'S GIN
70 proof

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Upcoming paintings for the Rivers of Canada series include the Red (above) by Robert Bruce and also William Winter's Saskatchewan.

One author, six artists and Canada's rivers

We have a theory at Maclean's that, apart from the awful hand-to-mouth, issue-by-issue existence to which all magazine editors are condemned, we should always have at least one unusual and slightly less hurried long-range project in the works. This theory, put into practice, has produced such special issues as those on the North, the Prairies, British Columbia and Quebec. It has produced surveys of vital fields like medicine, education and justice. It has also produced some memorable series. These, to give examples, have included:

Portraits of Canadian cities by Karsh.

The Family in the Palace articles by Pierre Berton that grew into a book published on both sides of the Atlantic and in several languages.

Blair Fraser's penetrating reports on the world as he saw it during a globe-trotting tour.

Bruce Hutchison's vivid accounts of his rediscovery of Canada, which he first discovered years ago when he traveled from coast to coast gathering material for his best-selling book The Unknown Country. (The rediscovery pieces are now a briskly selling book, Canada: Tomorrow's Giant.)

The latest series is The Rivers of Canada. The Fraser (page 20) is the fourth river to be described in his own individualistic style by the brilliant Canadian novelist, Hugh MacLennan (Barometer Rising, Two Solitudes, The Precipice, Each Man's Son, The Watch that Ends the Night) and to be painted for Maclean's by outstanding Canadian artists. Gordon Smith, who did the paintings of the Fraser, teaches art at the University of British Columbia, has had one-man shows in Canada and the United States and is represented in a number of the best galleries, including the National Gallery at Ottawa.

We've already published articles by MacLennan on the Mackenzie, illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle of Toronto; the St. Lawrence, illustrated by Gabriel Bastien of Montreal; and the St. John, illustrated by Alex Colville of Sackville, N.B. Colville's painting of the St. John River was among the pictures selected for the art show of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival last summer and now hangs in the London, Ont., Art Gallery, which paid the artist $1,400 for it on top of the sum Maclean's paid him for magazine rights. Meanwhile the Winnipeg artist Robert Bruce has been doing the paintings for an upcoming MacLennan article on the Red River, and William Winter of Toronto, a former westerner, has traveled the length of the Saskatchewan putting its most striking scenes on canvas for another future MacLennan article. (Samples of both above.)

If anybody asked us to make a very rough guess about how far the author and artists have traveled thus far researching and sketching the rivers, we'd say twenty-five thousand miles—give or take a few thousand either way.

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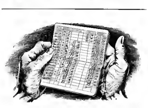

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Parade

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We long ago decided that you never could stump one of those weight guessers on the midway but it happened to such a man, operator in Trenton, N.S. this fall. He allowed himself to be distracted for a minute right in the middle of his act and when he turned around his scales had vanished.

* * *

Conversation between two teen-age gourmets in a Vancouver coffee shop: "I really do love French food," enthused one miss to another. "You know — French fries and all that stuff."

* * *

A policeman's lot is not a happy one and sometimes you can't say much more for the citizen who gets mixed up with police, most innocently. A farmer near Windsor, Ont. found thieves had looted the tool box of his tractor which he had left in a field so he decided he'd better drive the tractor home for safekeeping. This meant leaving his car parked in the field and when he returned the car was gone. It wasn't stolen though — police just thought it was an abandoned stolen car and towed it away.

* * *

The farmer was luckier than a Toronto student whose motorcycle really was stolen. The desk sergeant at the nearest police station took his theft report so calmly the student decided he'd better get out and hunt for the bike himself. He found it too, in an empty lot several blocks away. While riding it home he was hauled in by police to explain what he was doing with a stolen motorcycle.

WONDER WHY THAT FELLER DOESN'T TURN UP T'CLAIM HIS MOTOR CYCLE?

* * *

No Good Samaritan hopes to make a profit out of his good deeds but it's nice to know he may break even. A man who noticed a dollar bill on the seat beside him in a Montreal bus thoughtfully hopped off the bus after the woman who had just vacated the seat. She was grateful but startled and it wasn't until a few minutes later while finishing his journey on foot that the fellow belatedly wondered if the buck might have slipped out of his own pocket. Sure enough he was a dollar short, and felt pretty glum about his foolhardy gallantry — until just then he looked down and saw something green in the gutter: another buck.

* * *

Seasonable ad in the Halifax Herald:

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Hunter turned chicken. 303 rifle for sale.

* * *

It's on crisp evenings like these that small boys turn up at your door selling turkey draw tickets for various good causes. But this was such a small boy the Calgary housewife enthusiastically announced she would take not one but three tickets. "Please don't take them all lady," the youngster begged. "If you do I'll have to go and get another book."

* * *

A Toronto driver who didn't know there were any horse-drawn bakers wagons left found his course obstructed by one on a steep city street. Now he thinks more horses might help solve the traffic problem. For when he honked the driverless horse looked around, sized up the situation and turned into the nearest driveway to let him pass.

* * *

We hope this winter isn't going to be as cold as the last one was in the Medicine Hat area. A woman there ordered a lovely blanket gift-wrapped for a wedding present and left the door unlatched so the delivery man could put it inside. The package was never received but the delivery man insisted he had put it carefully in between the storm door and inside door on the porch. The gift was reported to the store as stolen but before replacement was made the culprit was discovered to be the one member of the family who hadn't been questioned. The big black Labrador who slept under the front porch and hadn't been enjoying the below-zero weather a bit had dragged the blanket to his lair and cuddled happily up in it, tattered gift wrappings and all.

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